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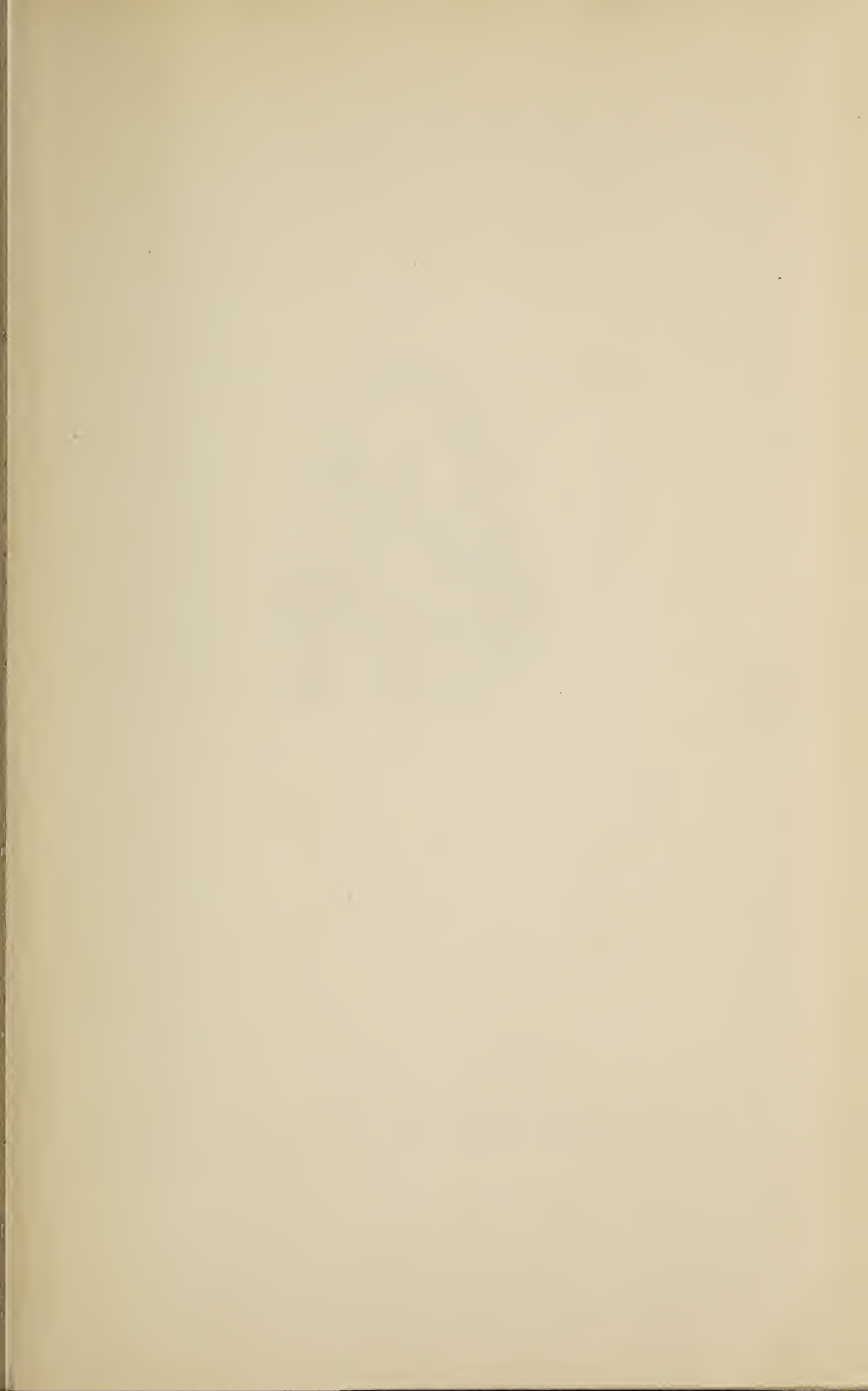
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The Dunlop Coat of arms portrayed above is a replica of the ancient armorial bearings of the Dunlop Family in a stained glass window of Dunlop Kirk.



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# *The House of Dunlop*

by

Freda Dunlop White

To

Nancy Barr Mavity

Compliments of the author

Freda Dunlop White

With illustrations by

JOHN M LADIEU

THE ADVOCATE PRESS

Oakland, California, U.S.A.

1951

AUTHORS EDITION — JULY, 1951

The Village of Dunlop is situated in Ayrshire . . . sixteen miles south of Glasgow. Renfrewshire is north of Ayrshire.

MADE IN U.S.A.



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### AUTHOR'S NOTE

This book is a chronicle of one family from Ancient Days, and the history of one branch of the family to the dawn of the Twentieth Century. Members of the family are portrayed against their background of contemporary history. Months of impatient research has contributed to the accuracy of the narrative. Private correspondence, diaries and contemporary writers have yielded up their treasures to enrich the story. The characters are all real people and their portraits faithfully drawn. Some incidents are embellished for the sake of interest.

The Edinburgh Research Council supplied the family records which follow. Names of sons were the only ones recorded in early times which accounts for no mention of daughters in the records.

In 1948 the author visited the towns of Dunlop, Gateside and Barrhead and the city of Glasgow to get first hand impressions of the homes of her ancestors. She also visited Duncan F. Dunlop at his home in the beautiful city of Stirling.

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Among those whose help and encouragement I should like to acknowledge I must first mention my husband, Guy A. White, and my four children. In particular I thank my daughter, Anna White Garlund, for her excellent and painstaking criticism of the manuscript, and my son, Robert Douglas White, for the firsthand data which he brought to me from the town of Dunlop. I am deeply indebted to Rev. William Loudon, pastor of the Church at Dunlop, for his information about Dunlop Parish; to Miss Margaret Grier, deputy county clerk of Renfrew, for her kindness in acquainting me with the history and geography of Dovecothall, Gateside, and the Levern Valley; and to Mr. Richard Pipe, Ipswich, Suffolk, England, for his help in understanding the plight of the working people of Britain in the 18th and 19th centuries.

Mrs. Helen Murray White (Robert's wife), has graciously allowed me to use excerpts from the diary of her great-grandfather, James Benson; and she has secured for me rare and valuable books, both from her own library and from the library of the University of California.



## INTRODUCTION

To understand the Dunlop one must know something of his Celtic origins. In the dim past, the Celts, a large-limbed, fair-haired, fierce-eyed people originating in Asia, swept across Central and Western Europe. Before the Christian era they had established themselves in Britain. The Brythonic branch which settled in Scotland had rather an edge on the others because they knew the use of iron while the Goidelic Celts in Ireland were still tinkering around with bronze.

These Aryan people were the first in history to center their social life around their chieftain's hall instead of around the temple and the priesthood. They were a very vocal people, and their feasts were enlivened by the songs of their bards—songs that have come down to us through the ages crystallized into legendary history.

The Celts have always been a race of mystics and dreamers and in this atmosphere the gift of second sight has flowered more than anywhere else on earth. Folklore and superstition have grown side by side with religion. Thus many a Scot has saved himself from the spells of the Fairies by reciting the Lord's Prayer or the Apostles Creed. Even the belief in Fairies, however, had a foundation in fact. In pre-historic Britain there lived a race of small, dark people who, because of the cold and constant gales, sought refuge in earth houses sunk below the level of the ground and roofed with branches and turf. A deep enmity existed between them and the blond Celts who conquered them, and they were frightened and dismayed at the sight of the terrible iron weapons wielded by the Celtic warriors. As time went on, these people grew smaller and smaller, in the minds of the storytellers, until they became Fairies or Wee Folk living underground in little mounds or fairy-hills. Iron was used as a charm against them because Fairies could not cross iron. Yet

some people were so foolish as to put an iron horseshoe over the front door and not over the back. So the Fairies could come in and weave their spells over the unchristened babe in the cradle, and he would grow up to be quite different from any of his kin-folk. Sometimes the Fairies would take the baby away and leave a changeling.

Of course many other types of Fairies existed in their "secret commonwealth" including Brownies and Water-Kelpies and those tiny, pale-faced Folk with blond hair and green garments who, on certain windy nights, could be heard passing on the gale.

The early Celts took their names from the places where they first settled, and have left evidence of their wide diffusion over central Scotland in such names as Dumbarton, Dunferlane and Dunlop. The chieftains built their dwellings on hills which provided natural means of defense. Near the Church at Dunlop town, there is such a hill around which the Glazert Stream sweeps in a picturesque bend. The name of the Celtic Chieftain's stronghold built on that hill was inevitable: the fortified hill (Dun) by the bend of the stream (Luib)—Dunlop.

Paterson, in his "History of the Counties of Ayr and Wigton," says, "The family of Dunlop is of noble origin as are almost all those whose patronymics are derived from a locality. Any person legitimately bearing the name of Dunlop may lay claim to the Dunlop Parish as their place of origin."

It does not fall within the scope of this book to give a full account of the ancient, prolific and gifted family of Dunlop. As Reid's Family Records devotes fifty-nine pages of printed foolscap to the Dunlop Family, another book would be needed to do them justice.

In Dunlop Parish, after the departure of the de Rosses in the eleventh century, the Dunlops became the leading nobility, and remained so up to modern times. The noble families of de Ross, Cunninghame and Dunlop are now gone. But there remain in the Parish the fragrance of chivalry and the tradition of baronial glory when castle and manor houses reared their stately towers over wooded knoll and rolling pastureland, when knights and

ladies rode to the hunt, and when kings and courtiers came this way seeking to win fair lady or to acquire new lands.

From Dunlop Parish there has been given to Scotland some of her most famous scholars, soldiers and citizens. From here came a general in Wellington's army, and other famous soldiers of Empire, Peers of the Realm, Principals and Professors of Glasgow and Edinburgh Universities, and the Lord Provosts of these cities. There have been merchants who have developed the trade and commerce of Scotland, and more adventurous sons who have added something to the history of the Colonies, to the story of America, Holland, and other countries beyond the sea.



#### SOME OF THE BOOKS CONSULTED

1. Marine Engines—History and Development—G. L. Overton, A.R.C.S.
2. Topographical Dictionary of England—Lewis (Four Volumes)
3. Antiquities of England—Charles Knight and Co., London.
4. Dunlop Parish—Evans
5. Letters from Glasgow—Lockheart, 1820
6. Short History of the Scottish People—MacMillan
7. History of American Costume—Elizabeth McClennan
8. History of England—Montgomery
9. England's Social and Economic Development
10. Scot's Book—Douglas
11. British History in the 19th Century—Trevelyan (G.M.)
12. Scotland of our Fathers—Elizabeth Haldene
13. The Pre-History of Scotland—V. Gordon Childe. Edinburgh
14. Folklore and Legends—Scotland—Gibbings—London

TO

The Reverend Guy Arnott White,  
An American Gentleman,  
the following narrative is dedicated  
by his affectionate wife, the author.





Francis Ann Craigie Dunlop was a direct descendant of the hero, Sir William Wallace. Mrs. Dunlop was a friend and patron of Robert Burns. She was among the first to discover the genius of the poet, and was his friend and advisor through good and evil report, to the end of his checkered career. Francis Ann lived in the Dunlop mansion from 1748 to 1784.

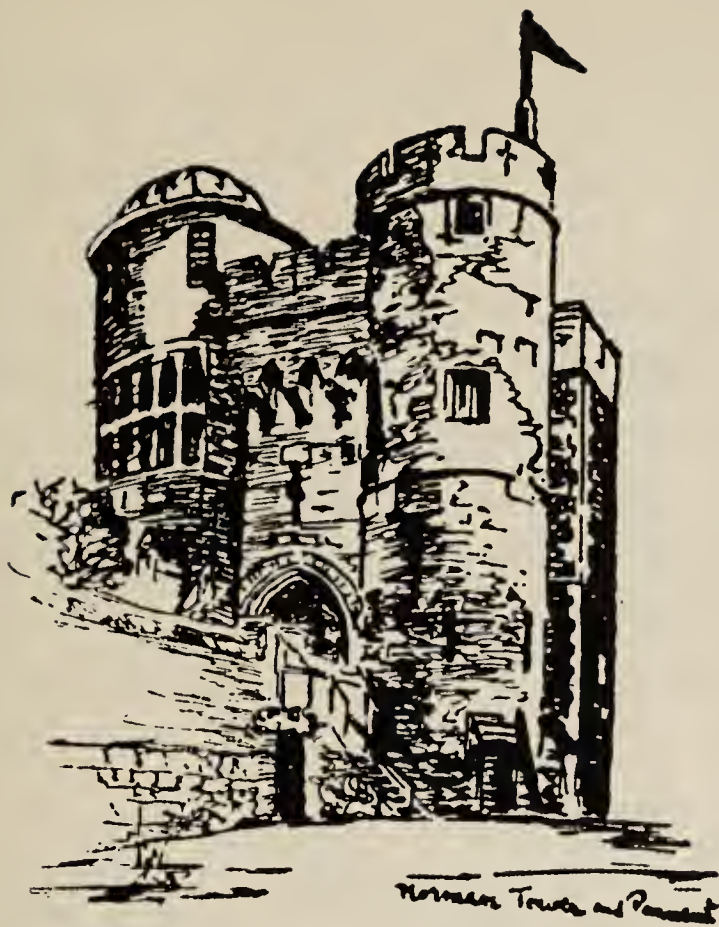
Laigh Kirk of Dunlop still stands on the ancient site near the Druid's stone and the Holy Well. In modern times the Kirk has been restored. From time to time, stained glass windows have been added, bearing the coat of arms of the Dunlop Family together with the heraldic devices of the noble families with whom the Dunlops have intermarried. Plaques on the Church wall bear names of distinguished members of the Dunlop Family.



This stately mansion of red sandstone was built on the old site of the Norman Castle by Sir John Dunlop, Baronet, in the year 1685. Every Christmas throughout the years, the villagers were lavishly entertained at Dunlop House by the Lord and Lady of the Manor.







## CHAPTER I

Wild winds swept across the dark sky rifting the clouds to show a glint of moonlight on the ramparts of Dunlop Hill. In the watchtower tall, Celtic Chieftain, John of Dunlop, stood alone. Below on the stone parapet his stalwart henchmen fingered their shining daggers and waited the assault. John's fierce, blue eyes looked beyond his meadowlands toward the deep forest where danger and death lurked tonight for the unwary.

Only this morning a runner had fallen exhausted at his master's feet gasping out a message containing a dreaded name that was wont to bring

terror to the stoutest heart, "Romans attack—tonight—through the forest."

"Roman swine!" John of Dunlop's hand went to his dirk. "By Thor and Balder, I fear them not!"

The runner had risked his life to save his Chief. Behind the enemy lines, the lad had learned that the Romans must capture Dunlop Hill to complete their lines of communication from Carlisle to Dumbarton. The centurion's plan was to have his men creep silently through the forest at nightfall. Now, thanks to the fealty of the brave youth, the forest was alive with Dunlop men armed with their trusty dirks.

Suddenly wild cries rang out from the wood where the night mist was falling, and dim shapes appeared crossing the meadow-lands. A torn remnant of the once proud cohort was advancing on the Castle. Unthinkable that Roman soldiers should be worsted by a handful of barbarians. On the soldiers came. Yet there was no sign from the dark Fortress. On they came, plunging into the icy Glazert Water, and trying for a foothold on the steep hillside beyond.

Then wild, Celtic battle cries rent the air as Dunlop and his men charged the Romans with furious onslaught. Reeling, the front line of legionaries fell back upon their advancing comrades. Far below, the dark Glazert Water was waiting to carry the wounded Romans to an ignominious grave. Thus ended the assault on Dunlop Castle.



Late into the night, till the smoking torches burned low, there was the sound of feasting and revelry in the castle hall. Dunlop and his victorious men dined merrily on boar's head, filling their drinking horns again and again from huge tankards of mead. Shouts of laughter and the songs of the Bard resounded through the stone corridors.

A different scene was taking place in the dark wood. There the white-robed Arch-Druid was standing before the altar within the magic circle. Solemnly he chanted a curse on the enemy of his people.

“Rome shall perish—write that word  
In the blood that she has spilt;  
Perish, hopeless and abhorred,  
Deep in ruin, as in guilt.”

The Romans had conquered England by the year 78 B.C. But her legions could make no headway against the Scottish Barbarians who avenged themselves against the Romans by raiding and plundering across the Border. At last, in desperation, Hadrian ordered the building of the Wall across northern Britain all the way from Solway Firth to the North Sea, a distance of eighty miles. This vast Wall was defended by stone castles from sixty to seventy feet square, built at intervals of one mile. Between the castles were stone turrets or watch towers which were used as sentry boxes. At every fourth mile there

was a fort, covering from three to six acres, occupied by a large garrison of picked men. Even in the narrowest places, three soldiers with shields could walk abreast on the Wall.

The Wall was scarcely completed before the daring Scots conceived a trick to frighten the Roman sentries. By night the Barbarians, armed with their hooked weapons, would climb up and pull the Romans off the wall and dash their heads against the ground. In self defense the Romans thereafter went out every Spring and burned all the heather on the north side of the Wall for ten miles back, so that no murderous Celt could creep up on them unobserved.

When Rome began to decline during the 4th Century A.D. she had to gather in her legions from the Wall to protect her homeland. The thin line of soldiers left on guard were no match for the wily Celts who raided over the Wall and made breaches through its embankments. Soon the Celts were to be seen pasturing their sheep and setting up their beehives in the heather on the south side of the Wall.

Rome could not conquer these Celts, but they yielded to Christ. About the year 520 the good missionary, Saint Winning, came to minister to the Celtic tribe in Ayrshire. He sought an audience with Chief Dunlop, and was received under the great oak in front of the Castle. For the Chief had taken precaution not to allow the stranger in the Castle, according to ancient belief, lest

Saint Winning might practice magical arts and thus get the better of him.

Saint Winning came bearing a silver cross and a beautiful illuminated copy of the Sacred Scriptures; and the war-like Chief soon realized that the good man had come with a message of divine love, and not magical arts. Dunlop was amazed at the Book from which Saint Winning read to him. Rude and ruthless though the Chieftain was, he listened with awe and reverence to the story of Jesus. It was not hard for Dunlop to understand because he was already familiar with a god in heaven, Thor, who left his spirit on earth in the form of the golden bough, (mistletoe).

Near the Druid's Stone, by the Chapel Crag, from the base of which gushes the Holy Well, the first Christian Church was built in the Parish of Dunlop. Saint Winning wisely allowed the Celts to keep their sacred festivals and adapt them to Christian uses. Many of the Druid rituals were derived from Hebrew origins. Their magic circle of stones was a counterpart of the circle Joshua made at Gilgal with stones taken from the Jordan River. The sacred stone chest of the Druids was regarded the same as the Ark of the Covenant among the Hebrews.

The Beltane fires marking the birth of Spring now became the fires of Easter celebrating the Festival of the Risen Lord. The Beltane fires in the Autumn, which in Celtic practice marked the death of the year and commemorated all departed



spirits, became All Saint's Day. The evergreen holly with its red berries was regarded as the symbol of everlasting life; and the mistletoe signified the mystery of the Abiding Spirit. Ancient Druid customs were thus tolerated until the superstitions of the people could give way to a pure and simple faith in Christ.

In the year 410 A.D. the prophecy of the Arch-Druid came true, and the Romans were forced to leave Britain forever. In 573 A.D., Chieftain Dunlop joined with neighboring chiefs in a battle for independence against Southern Britain. The Celts were victorious. A Northern Kingdom of Britain, Strathclyde, with territory extending from the Solway to the Clyde, was then established with Dumbarton, the fortified hill of the Britains, as capitol. From the fifth to the ninth century there was strife between the king of Strathclyde and the rulers of rival Scottish kingdoms, such as North and South Pictland, Dalriada, and the powerful kingdom of Northumbria. In the year 1018 all Scotland became a United Kingdom under the rule of Malcolm II, King of Alba.

Up to the middle of the eleventh century, the Celtic Chief on Dunlop Hill ruled his tribe much in the manner of his forbears.

When Malcolm II annexed Strathclyde, he made himself a feudal monarch like the other kings in Europe, and as such assigned the lands within Scotland to men of Norman, Saxon and Danish ancestry. The Norman baron established himself



by building a castle on the best site within the bounds of his new estate, a spot almost always already occupied by the castle of the Celtic Chief. In such cases the Celt had to yield to the Norman, but he was appeased by full recompense in other ways.

Godfrey de Ross was the feudal baron sent to Dunlop. According to custom, he took possession of Dunlop Hill. Dunlop of Dunlop was dispossessed of his ancestral stronghold; but he was given private ownership of lands under the vassalage of de Ross, with sanction to build a castle. He moved to the banks of the Clerkland Burn which divides the parish of Dunlop from Stewarton. There he built his castle on the beautiful site where Dunlop House now stands. Thus the Celtic Chief became the Norman Knight with his red and white standard flying from the turret of his castle.

The first of the name "Dunlop" found in a written record is Dom Gulielmus de Dunlop whose name was mentioned in a notarial copy of a search of title in a cause betwixt the Burg of Irvine and Dom Godfrey de Ross regarding lands held by them from de Ross. The title Dom (Dominus) was used to designate a lord, a baron or a peer. If at this early date (1260). William de Dunlop was a Scottish peer, it may be reasonably assumed that he had a long line of noble ancestry behind him.

In the year 1509 Henry VIII, the "Merry Monarch" came to the throne of England. The

Scots did not share the spirit of the flamboyant and rambunctious Tudors. North of the Border, the Scottish Barons now saw an opportunity to make another valiant struggle for freedom against the domination of England.

At Flodden Field in 1513, the Scots met the English army of picked men under the leadership of the Earl of Surrey. On that tragic day, King James and the flower of Scottish Knighthood was slain. The Rosses and the Cunninghams and the Dunlops were there. No one ran away. The knights and their squires, hopelessly outdone by the superior armament of the English, stood and died through the long afternoon, until the setting sun saw Flodden Field stained red with their blood. Sir Walter Scott in *Marmion* tells of the last heroic stand made by the Scots guarding their king.

“But yet, though thick the shafts as snow,  
Though charging knights like whirlwinds go,  
Though bill-men\* ply the ghastly bow,  
Unbroken was the ring;  
The stubborn spear-men still made good  
Their dark impenetrable wood,  
Each stepping where his comrade stood  
The instant that he fell.

“No thought was there of dastard flight!  
Linked in the serried phalanx tight,

\*Foot note—bill, curved sword or battle-axe.

Groom fought like noble, squire like knight  
As fearlessly and well,  
Till utter darkness closed her wing  
O'er their thin host and wounded king."

A look into the Privy Council Register of Ayrshire reveals a state of lawlessness prevailing during the close of the 16th century among the Dunlops and other contemporary families of that district. James Dunlop, in particular, had two sons, James and Allan, who are described as unruly youths. Allan, the younger, had the "original wickedness" to perpetrate a piracy on the coast of Fairlie. This adventure of a party of fast young fellows, as recorded in the Privy Council Register, (translated into modern English) is as follows,

"A shipmaster from Brittany named Lyon, master of a cargo ship, Perundaill, arrived at the port of Irwin last October. Having discharged a part of his cargo of coarse salt and other merchandise, Lyon anchored his ship at Fairlie whilst he went into town to deal with the merchants. At midnight that night Allan Dunlop, with a gang of youths, about twenty in number, did board the ship, Lyon, and sail her to Lamash Bay on the Isle of Arran where they set ashore the poor mariners of the crew. Allan Dunlop and his crew of scapegraces then took full command of the Perundaill's wine bunkers. After a jolly carousal with a piper on board, they cruised around the Isle of Arran. When the lads had had



their fill of wine and jollity they landed again in Lamash Bay. Here they delivered the ship to the poor mariners who had been left freezing on the beach the night long. At dawn the youths went to their respective places of abode rejoicing in the successful issue of their piratical adventure."

The unruly youths were duly cited to appear before the Privy Council, but they failed to show up, and so were denounced as rebels, that being the end of the matter.

About the year 1600, the historian and archeologist, Timothy Pont, visited the castle at Dunlop. His description of the place is interesting. "Dunlop ane ancient stronge hous fortified with a deipe foussie of water and planted with goodly orchards it is also named Hunthall because say they the ancient possessor thereof was huntsman to Godofred de Ross. The quholl bounds and grounds heiraboute and all Macharnoch Moore was of old a mighty forrest it belongs to James Dunloppe of thet fame and chief of hes name."

The Dunlop who was the "ancient possessor" of Hunthall was made Huntsman to de Ross, a position accounted to be of high honor. When Pont visited the castle, however, the owner was James Dunloppe who had rebuilt or restored the ancient structure. Over the door of the great hall of the castle, James had placed a stone bearing the date "1599" and the inscription, "O Lord Let Ever Thy Blessingis Remain - Vithin Yis



Hous'.' The monogram in the circle is that of James and his wife, Jean Somerville.

Pont also mentioned the church built near the castle. "Dunloppe Kirk," prettily seatted at ye confluence of 3 small brookes."

The Dunlops belonged to the Covenanters, those heroic Scots who bound themselves in solemn covenant to uphold their Presbyterian faith and resist to the death all those who tried to force them to change it. During the reign of Charles I (1660) Covenanters who gathered secretly in glens and caves to worship God were hunted like animals with bugle and bloodhound. When caught they were hanged or drowned without mercy.

James Dunlop was imprisoned in 1665 along with other Ayrshire lads for active resistance to the Church of England. After two years Dunlop was freed. He then set about securing his property by making over part of it to the Earl of Dun-donald to avoid forfeiture. Alexander, son of James Dunlop, also suffered imprisonment for the Cause. After being freed, Alexander emigrated to America, that haven of the persecuted,

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1599

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to escape the danger that threatened every staunch Covenanter during the "Killing Times."

In the year 1684, Sir John Dunlop, Baronet, son of Alexander, secured the lands that his father had settled on him before leaving for America. In the following year, John received back the lands previously conveyed to the Earl of Dundonald. These large estates were consolidated into the Barony of Dunlop. On the old site of the Norman Castle, Sir John built the stately mansion known as "Dunlop House." An interesting description of the place is given by a young man, one of the Dunlop family, who visited the estate.\*\*

"It was a grand August day when I set out to visit the Dunlop Estate. The countryside was green and rich looking with a little burn running noisily along the road. I walked for quite a distance until I came to some gates and a Lodge House. This marked the entrance to the Estate. From then on the road led into a forest of oaks, evergreens, maples and chestnuts. The path of the wood was verdant with ferns and grass, and a carpet of fallen leaves. I walked and walked but could see no sign of a house. The forest reminded me of the one in Sherwood where Robin Hood and his merrie men exacerbad the Sheriff of Nottingham.

\*\*Foot note, Robert D. White, son of the author, visited the Dunlop mansion while serving in the U. S. Army 8th Air Force, August 1945, and wrote the above description.

“It must have been three quarters of a mile, after many turnings through the woods, I espied the tall chimneys of the house. The mansion was of beautiful Tudor architecture and had more than a hundred rooms. The roof was a forest of chimneys and gables and turrets. Tennis courts were located at the back of the mansion and well kept lawns and gardens adorned the front areas. The interior of the mansion with its grand staircase, its polished floors and its elegant, hand-carved ceilings spoke of the grandeur of the House of Dunlop.”

From 1748 to 1784, another Dunlop lived in the Mansion House. He married Frances Ann, the daughter of Sir Thomas Wallace of Craigie. Frances Ann Dunlop was always proud of her descent from Sir William Wallace, the champion of Scottish freedom. Later she herself, was to become famous as the friend and patron of Robert Burns. Quoting from “Dunlop Parish,” “It was the Cotter’s Saturday Night that opened the heart and home of this noble lady to Burns. While in a state of nervous prostration, following a severe illness, a copy of the Kilmarnock Edition of Burn’s poems came into her hands. The poem so uplifted her spirits as to restore her harmony and peace of mind. She forthwith wrote to Burns. So began the correspondence that ended only with the poet’s death. The last use he made of his immortal pen was a short letter to her a few days before he died.”



Mrs. Dunlop of Dunlop lived a life full of kindness and good works. She had a large family of children, eight sons and four daughters.

The last of the Dunlops to be born in their ancestral home were John, born 1904, and Alexander James, born 1906. Their mother, descended from James Dunlop of the Garnkirk branch, was the wife of Brigadier General Houison Crawford. Mrs. Crawford inherited the Dunlop Estate and did much for the welfare of the Dunlop Church and the entire parish. She did a great service to dairy farming in Ayrshire by converting the home farm into a model farm and introducing a fine herd of certified cows, and by pioneering in the production of pure milk from tuberculin-tested and certified herds.

As times changed and property taxes increased, Dunlop House, like many other great houses, became a burden instead of an asset to the owners. So the Dunlop Estate was sold to Ayrshire County Council in 1933, to be used as a home for orphan children.

Meanwhile, for many generations, Dunlops had gone forth from Dunlop Parish to all parts of the Empire, and to every land under the sun. Thus new branches of this ancient, noble and prolific family sprung up in distant parts of the globe.

As time passed the vicissitudes of fortune caused some branches of the family to lose their landed estates. Under the British law, designed to keep estates intact, land was inherited only by the



eldest son. Younger members of great families were thus left to shift for themselves. Daughters, if possible, were married off. Otherwise they continued to live on at the old home place dependent upon the bounty of their oldest brother. Every household had these spinsters who really did spin. Besides this they helped with household tasks and cared for the children, and often were regarded as little better than servants.

Younger sons of noble families went into professions or trades, or emigrated to the Colonies to seek their fortunes. Prominent families in the United States and Canada bearing the name of Dunlop or Dunlap testify to the courage and ability of those younger sons who came West in early days. Some of the younger sons, however, clung stubbornly to their native heath and, as freeholders, continued to farm a few acres which were enclosures of big estates.

Many of these men added to their incomes by working at spinning and hand weaving in the home or by engaging in some other form of industry such as boat-building or the milling of grain.

Among the Dunlops who remained in their native land was James Dunlop. He was one of the hundreds of Dunlops who, over the centuries, had made their way north to the county of Renfrew which adjoins Ayrshire wherein the town of Dunlop is situated. County records of Renfrew in the early 18th century reveal that a certain James Dunlop, Miller, lived in the ancient hamlet of

Dovecothall about the year 1730. James Dunlop had four sons, James II, Robert, William and Henry. How many daughters were born to James and his wife, no one will ever know. Sons were the only children whose births were recorded in the good old days.



## CHAPTER II

The rush of water from the penstock and the clip, clap of machinery merged its rhythms with the song of the Miller ringing out on the clear morning air.

“The millwheels are clapping; the brook turns them round, clip, clap!

Clip, clap, clip, clap, clip, clap!”

The blue-eyed, James Dunlop, was testing the flour running out of the mill with a practiced thumb when a burly farmer entered with a sack of wheat on his back. “Look out the window,” the farmer yelled above the clack-ety-clack of the machinery, “A fine lot of grain I’ve brought to be ground.”

Dunlop brushed the flour from his ruddy face, and went to look out upon the yard. Sure enough, there stood a line of pack horses and a cotter unloading great sacks of grain.

“How come?” Dunlop called back. “Never have



your acres yielded such a crop as this.”

“Hadn’t you heard about the draining of the marshes? Ten acres were added to our grainland. It’s being done everywhere now—thousands of acres reclaimed and . . . .”

The Miller’s ruddy countenance beamed. “Good times coming!” he yelled.

“Yes, for us,” answered the farmer. “Only the wretched fen men are sure up in arms against it. No wonder, poor creatures. Trapping the marsh hen and the lapwing was their only living. Now the birds are gone. They fly no more over the dry ground.”

“Alas,” said the Miller, “It seems that no good thing comes but brings harm to some poor folk.”

“A queer thing has come to pass, Dunlop,” continued the Farmer, “Now the fens are drained our folk no longer chill and shake and burn with the ague. Think you the Evil One did abide there in those stinking swamps?”

“Come, come, man. These are modern times,” Dunlop opined. “More like it was the noxious vapors rising from the fens brought the sickness. I hold with no foolish superstition about the Evil One.”

“Ay, but these are strange times,” said the Farmer. “Last week I saw a sight for sore eyes at Paisley Fair—cattle brought up from Yorkshire, fat and sleek. All winter they were kept fat, the owner said, whilst our wretched herds were so starved for winter feed they were naught

but a wrack of bones come Springtime. Milch cows were displayed too—giving milk all winter.”

“Now what miracle can that be?” asked Dunlop with a shrug and a skeptical smile. “There be many mountebanks at the Fair, no doubt, with many a fine trick.”

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“No trick this, but honest fact, my friend. These fine herds were fattened on a new winter crop—turnips planted in the open fields and stored to feed cattle all winter long.”

“Turnips for cattle!” laughed the Miller, “No one ever heard of turnips save on the Laird’s table boiled in milk for desert. Ay man, what is this world coming to?”

“Better times I trust. We could do with them.”

“Yes,” said the Miller looking out the window at the line of pack horses coming up the dusty road. “Decent roads for one thing where a man could ride a coach without his spine being jolted to pieces, and where wagons could carry produce to market. That would be a miracle of progress indeed.”

At that time the roads were so wretched that almost all travel had to be done on horse back, fording the streams because there were no bridges in many places. Every kind of produce was carried to market on horseback or in rude carts that jolted along in the deep ruts in the roads. Public opinion was strong against any improvement in the roads, however. People thought that good roads would encourage highwaymen and cut-

throats of all kinds to rob good folks who were now safe because of the inaccessability of their dwellings.

The good Miller, James Dunlop, lived a contented life running the Dovecot Mill as his father had before him. His white stone cottage with its thatched roof stood near the Mill. His own acreage of grainland stretched out beyond the village, while a fine flower and pot-garden grew near his cottage. Dunlop had married well, too. Helen Witherspoon belonged to one of the finest families in all of Renfrew.

Now there was a son, James, running about and climbing the old elm tree that hung over the cottage roof. Soon Jamie would be big enough to help at the Mill.

The Dunlop cottage, with its big fireplace and its great kitchen-living-room, was a haven for all the travelers passing that way. The cadger bringing fresh fish and eggs, the tinker with his pots and pans, the salt-man with his supply of precious salt, and even the beggars were all welcome to share the good broth and oat-cakes, and the famous Dunlop Cheese; and to sleep in the big barn on the barley straw.

But there was no one as welcome as the Packman with his train of pack horses carrying all the things to delight a woman's heart—all the things that a woman would find on a shopping tour in a city street. So little Jamie caused a lot of excitement one day when he hollered out in



the village street, "The Packman is coming! The Packman!"

Jamie's mother and all the neighbor women ran out of their cottages and looked down the road. Sure enough, there came the Packman with his pack train. The Packman rode the lead horse and, as he came nearer, they could see that his stirrup-hose was spattered with mud from fording muddy streams. Waving a hand in greeting, the Packman dismounted, carried one of his heavy packs into the Dunlop kitchen and dumped it down on the flagstone floor.

Then all work stopped. Even the mill machinery was silenced, and James Dunlop came to greet the Packman. The herd boy left the cattle on the hill, and the dairymaid left her churn. Mrs. Patterson and her little daughter, Barbara, with some other neighbor women simply could not wait for the Packman to come to their homes. So they crowded into the Dunlop kitchen to hear the latest news, and to see all the things in the wonderful pack.

First Helen Dunlop poured the Packman a draught of her home-brewed heather ale to quench his thirst. Next he must take a pinch of snuff to clear his head. Then news poured from him like water down the rill. The Packman knew everything—who kissed the pretty widow at the dance last night, who threw stones at crippled Bennie's cow, and which of the neighbors was drunk at the Fair.

This time his choicest bit of news was the latest hanging at the Edinburgh Grassmarket, an event of such importance that the school children were given a half holiday to attend. Children witnessing such a scene would see for themselves that, "The wages of sin is death," and so be encouraged to shun evil ways. According to custom, the victim was led through the streets of Edinburgh in his grave clothes, and people hung out of all the windows which overlooked the crowded thoroughfares.

All the time he was talking, the Packman was showing his wares. Some of the women, who had been sure they needed nothing, soon found a brooch or some ribands or lace they simply could not do without. Helen bought some pins and needles and some red and green worsted for her sampler. Grandma Witherspoon began trying on the spectacles that made reading so clear and plain, while little Barbara Patterson reached out a shy hand for a dream book. Jamie ran to find the pennies he had been saving for a jew's harp while his father was sorting over the sheaf of ballads the Packman had laid out on the table.

"Let me sing ye a wee snatch of a song or two," the Packman suggested, taking his tuning fork out of the pocket of his great coat. He sang, "Johnnie Moore, the Lang," and "Highland Harry," until everyone was in tears. Then, in more cheerful strain he trilled, "Jockey to the Fair."



Another important visitor to the hamlet of Dovecothall was the Webster who made regular rounds bringing cotton to be spun by the village women in their spare time. Later he would call for the finished product of spun thread to be taken to the hand weavers. It was always a problem for the spinners to keep up with the weavers, for a weaver continuously at work could use up the product of five or six spinners. Even Helen Dunlop, although her husband was well to do, was glad to earn extra money for herself this way. As for James' uncles, Henry and Robert Dunlop, who had no mill, only their small acreage, their wives found the extra money a god-send. It meant the difference between a bare existence and a comfortable living for the family. Even the children helped in the work. Yet they had plenty of time to romp over the hills with the neighbor children and pick snowdrops and daffodils growing along the paths in the oak forest.

Life in the happy valley of the Levern River was tranquil. Only faintly did rumors of doings in the outside world reach the ears of the folks at Dovecothall. The Dunlops and their neighbors, the Witherspoons and Pattersons, belonged to the Established Church. It was hard for them to understand the wild enthusiasm that greeted the preaching of John Wesley, the great founder of Methodism. But they could not help knowing that the crowds flocking to hear his message, drunkards, brawlers, thieves and slave-traders, were



turning from their evil ways. John Wesley was lifting British lives from the quagmire of their besotted, half savage lawlessness to the highroad that leads to God. His brother, Charles, was leading the British people to forsake their ribald ditties and to join in singing his sweet hymns in praise of the Savior. It was not my Lord Chesterfield who was having the most beneficial influence upon British manners and morals at this time. It was John and Charles Wesley.

Time passed swiftly and James, son of the Miller, was a big lad courting the pretty neighbor lass, Barbara Patterson. They were married and had a son, James IV, born March 27, 1790.—a son whose blue eyes were destined to see strange and wonderful things, terrible events even then taking shape in the world.

The United States of America having severed Mother England's apron strings, was trying out her new freedoms. The long suffering people of France were tired of taxation and starvation; and a mob of Revolutionaries wearing red caps was shrieking out a strange doctrine of Liberty, Fraternity, Equality! In the streets of Paris children were playing with toy guillotines. British political leaders, horrified by the frenzies of the French Revolution, felt that they could prevent a similar uprising in Britain by refusing to grant even the slightest demands for reform. So they ignored the clamor for change which was resounding over the land.

George III had now been thirty years on the British throne and had consistently failed in being a good king. But his success as a farmer was as marked as his failure as a statesman. During his entire reign, George worked to introduce progressive methods in farming throughout the United Kingdom. The articles he wrote for Farm Journals were signed, "Farmer George."

All these things were taking place in a world remote from the Dunlop Mill and homestead at Dovecothall—not yet touching its peaceful life. The wee toddler, wiry and sandy-haired like his father, now had a little sister.

James, son of the Miller, felt a deep happiness as he looked at his sweet-faced wife and his healthy, rosy-cheeked children. "By the grace of God, we lack nothing," he said jubilantly, "Business at the Mill is good. We have fresh fruit and vegetables from our farm, milk, butter and cheese from our herd. What more could we ask?"

His wife, Barbara, took her foot off the spinning wheel to listen, and when the whirring had ceased, she asked, "You're not forgetting the litter of pigs down by the barley field? Each day they grow fatter. And I hear the hens cackling in the hayloft. All is well, except—except the pigeons from the Laird's dovecotes. They come in droves now that our oats are almost ready for harvest."

James' face darkened. He took his gun down from over the door. "I'll just shoot into the flock



and scare them," he said. "If I happen to hit a few they'll make good pigeon pot-pies."

His wife sprang up and put her hand on his shoulder. "No," she cried out sharply, "I don't want you getting into trouble. Remember what happened last year when George Wilson shot some of the Laird's pigeons."

"We can't afford to lose the oats," James replied sullenly. "That's our porridge and oat cake for all winter long."

"Put up the gun," Barbara pleaded. "The children and I will drive the pigeons away—every day until harvest."

Jamie Dunlop grew tall and strong, and it seemed no time until he was old enough to help about the Dunlop farm. He was a proud lad the day his father first trusted him to bring home the cows. He ran swiftly across the meadow, his bare feet spurning the cool grass. "Hoot, lassie," he called out loudly, waving his hand at his little red haired neighbor, "I'm off to fetch the cows!"

Mary Wilson was standing in front of her father's cottage shading her eyes from the setting sun. Now she smiled and waved as Jamie sped on his way. Mary saw how tall he was and lithe and strong as the deer that roamed the greenwood. Jamie knew Mary was watching, and so ran faster and faster across the fields.

There was no one like Mary. She and Jamie knew things which were a secret between them—a charm against the old, haggard-toothed witch who



lived in the dark forest, the whereabouts of a Fairy Ring in the dell; and where the first snowdrops blossomed in Spring.

Now out of breath and red in the face, Jamie sat down under an old apple tree to rest. He pushed his sandy hair out of his eyes and looked up at the blue sky through the fragrant, drifting apple blossoms. The cool, sweet air wafted against his hot cheeks. Drowsily the bees were droning in the heather, and the larks were trilling their songs in the meadow. Sudden joy surged up in his heart, the joy of youth in Springtime when all the earth is bringing forth new life. Jamie was strong and happy and free. Yet not quite free.

Jamie blew his horn now and ran toward the common where the cattle were grazing. His bare feet followed the path with great care. Near the ancient thorn trees were the Fairy Knolls where no mortal foot should ever tread. It was sometimes hard to tell where they were; for in the daytime Fairy Knolls looked just like any other mounds. It was only at night that they glowed brightly, and elfin music of unearthly sweetness could be heard when the Fairies were dancing within.

Now twilight was turning to gloaming, and Jamie was sure he saw a mound bright and glowing in the distance. Could it have been only the last rays of the sun lingering there? Faint strains of elfin music filled his ears. Or it may have been the thrush in the greenwood singing her evensong.

The wind was rising and Jamie heard the murmur and rustle of the Wee Folk as they passed on the breeze. He saw their blonde hair streaming behind them and their green mantles waving like leaves in the tree-tops. Jamie hurried the cows along stopping only to pluck a branch from the rowan tree. Wee Folk were abroad this night, and rowan would ward off evil from the herd if placed over the stable door.

When Jamie had fed the cows in the big barn adjoining the cozy kitchen, he heard his mother calling, "Come awa' lad, supper is waitin'." She was dressed in a newly starched white cap and kerchief, and was ladling bowls of broth out of the iron pot that was steaming and bubbling on the pot-hook over the peat fire. How good it smelled to the hungry lad! Onions and carrots and cabbage, garden fresh, and dear knows what other good things were mingled in that Scotch Broth; not forgetting the good mutton shank. Jamie warmed his fingers in the steam rising from his bowl while waiting for his father to say grace. At the head of the table James doffed his blue bonnet and solemnly began,

"Lord, make us truly thankful for what Thou hast provided. Give Thy blessing with it, in the name of Christ, Amen.

Mother's oat cakes, baked on the iron griddle over the fire, were crisp and brown. Jamie and his little sister drank great draughts of milk still warm and foaming from the cow, while mother



and father sipped a new beverage that was taking the place of ale on the family table. The new drink was being brought in from some strange, far off country, and it was called tea.

After evening prayers James got out his account book and, lighting another candle, began to add up expenses for the day. He and Barbara had been to the Fair where they sold some fine fat hens for 4 shillings, and had bought fresh bread from the bakers, a pound loaf for 1½ pence, and three pounds of tender mutton for 3 pence per pound.



Change at last began to touch the quiet Levern Valley. West of Dovecothall a big grain mill had been built with new-fangled machinery. Other mills for spinning and weaving were coming to the district which soon became a new town named Barrhead. Some of James Dunlop's customers now began to take their grain to the new mill. They thought the modern machinery made a finer grind and consequently lighter bread. Thus business at the Dunlop Mill began to slow down. The Dunlop family was still in comfort with no need for worry, but these halcyon days could not last. The Middle Ages had come to an end. The candles of the Eighteenth Century were going out. Feudalism was breathing its last. A new system was due to appear. Its name was Capitalism.



One day Jamie called his father out of the Mill to see a wonderful sight in the Laird's field: an iron plow drawn by two horses! And what a splendid harness! Real leather, instead of the usual kind made of woven horse hair or rushes. The old wooden plow had required ten or twelve clumsy oxen to draw it over the rough ground. One man held the plow in the crooked furrow while another guided the oxen. Then there had to be a boy to bawl at the oxen and threaten them with a goad.

This new plow needed only one man—to drive the horses. Jamie wanted to buy a new plow at once, and surprise all the neighbors. But his father thought best to conserve their capital just now, and add to it by getting another spinning wheel so that Jamie could earn some extra money in these critical times.\*

Next time the Packman came he had a strange tale to tell. In Glasgow he had seen unbelievable things—had seen them with his own eyes: machines that buzzed and whirred, and spun thread faster than any human hand could spin. He saw other machines that wove thread into cloth. They were monsters of iron and fire that never grew weary, that subsisted on water and coal, and never asked for wages. The Dunlops listened wide-eyed but they did not understand. After all, the Packman was given to telling tall tales.

\* Soon the new plow came into general use; and so fifty per cent of the plowmen lost their jobs.

In 1811, when Jamie was twenty-two years of age, the Webster came one day with news of trouble in the Mill Towns. "Up in Glasgow I saw a sight if there ever was one: a mob of weavers and spinners—gone mad they were—armed with sledge hammers and clubs—attacking the Mill. I say, Dunlop, there's an iron monster that will never stir a wheel again. Broke it to bits, they did. And then, man, to top it all, burned the building."

"Why all the violence?" James asked, his blue eyes puzzled. "Wrecking property is unlawful."

"What is law, Dunlop, and what is right when your children are starving? Wages have gone down till, I declare, even a skilled hand weaver cannot make eight shillings a week. They cannot compete with the machine. It is their enemy. So they destroy the enemy." The Webster sank into a chair and leaned his head wearily on his hand. "I am ruined too," he went on. "I cannot get cotton for you folks to spin. How then am I to live?"

"If it were not for my Mill and my Farm," James began, "What would we do?"

"True enough, Dunlop. Time was I paid you 38 shillings for a certain amount of spun thread. Now for the same quantity I can pay you only 7 shillings."

James took off his bonnet and mopped his brow. "Bread and meat grow dearer every day. We are

all caught in this trap, Webster. And I can't do the day's work I once did.

"Ay Dunlop," said the Webster trying to comfort him, "but what need have you to fret? You with your fine lad, Jamie?"

Came the year 1812, and war with the United States of America. Increasing demands for cotton and woolen cloth sent prices soaring. Wages became even more depressed. So at last the long, dark shadow of the Iron Monster fell across the quiet Dunlop Farmstead. New mills were springing up all along the Levern River, and profits at Dovecot Mill sank to zero.

Bowing to the inevitable, the Dunlop family realized that a move had to be made. Gateside, a town a few miles distant down the river, with its new cotton mill, seemed to offer the best advantages for a good living. That autumn the Dunlops joined hundreds of other families flocking to mill-towns where employment was to be found tending the Machine.

Jamie had grown into a shy and silent man. No one knew the secrets of his heart, that is, no one but Mary Wilson. Under the warmth of her merry smile all his shyness melted away—Mary, with her red hair, creamy skin and smiling eyes. Her voice, low and sweet, was like a caress, and Jamie loved her. But since his fortunes were at a low ebb, he dare not tell her.

They parted for the last time at their old trysting place under the ancient oak near the



Fairy Ring. When Jamie caught sight of Mary waiting there, it seemed that it still must be summer time. The breeze was blowing her skirt about showing the lilac flowers on the white cambric, catching at the lilac ribbon breastknot that fastened her snowy kerchief, and teasing bright strands of hair from the ribbon that bound it. Jamie, wearing his old fustian coat and breeches and coarse woolen hose, felt uncouth beside Mary's daintiness. But Mary saw a tall handsome youth with broad shoulders and blue eyes, and that engaging Dunlop grin.

Jamie had brought her a gift to remember him by. It was a little gold locket on a slender chain. A long time he had been saving to buy it from the Packman. Now Jamie fastened it around her neck and kissed her shyly, with the shyness that only a Scotsman can know.

But Mary's eyes were all alight. "Jamie, O Jamie," she said softly.

Then Jamie took her in his arms—fiercely, and held her a long moment before he let her go. Alas, now a chill wind was rising, blowing through the withered leaves of the ancient oak. Mary drew her plaid shawl close about her, hiding the lilac flowers and the gay ribbon. It seemed that summer was leaving, and that all the sweet enchantment of their trysting place had fled away. All that remained—dead leaves falling under a darkening sky.

"Summer is ended," Jamie sighed, "and the

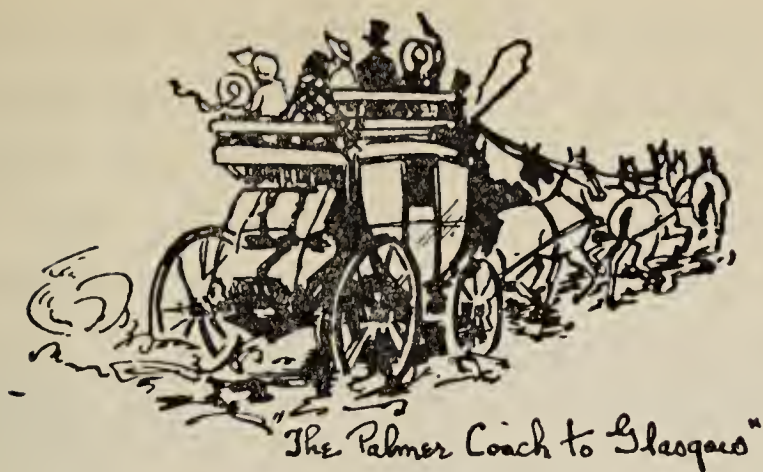
summer of my life—it is ended too when I no longer have you, my sweet.”

Mary’s eyes filled with tears. “Don’t forget to remember me, Jamie. Don’t ever forget.”

The night mist was rising over the greenwood when they parted, and the cry of the mourning dove echoed the sadness of farewell.

All his life Jamie was to remember the sights and sounds of his boyhood days. They passed before his mind like colored pictures on a screen: yellow firelight flickering on the cottage wall, and over the spinning wheel on the hearth. His mother in her starched white cap and plaid shawl. The look in her eyes when she called, “Jamie.” There was the picture of his father too, sitting at the long table with the Holy Book before him, doffing his blue Kilmarnock bonnet, and leading family prayers in his slow, solemn style. And then the evening hymn, led by the sweet voice of his mother,

“Our God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home.”



### CHAPTER III

For centuries the village of Gateside by the Levern River had kept her quaintness and her charm. Fereneze Braes still looked benignly down upon the hamlet sheltering her from the cold blast. Surrounded by the white stone cottages of the villagers, the Kirk still pointed her spire heavenward. But of late years, the new System had spawned something known as the Gateside Annex. It consisted of a building with tall chimneys belching out black smoke to heaven, and surrounded by jerry-built flats, not to be dignified by the name of homes, although, in the evening and morning, at the scream of the siren, human beings were to be seen scurrying to and from these warrens.

James Dunlop and family were horrified at these squalid quarters. While they were pondering their plight, Jamie caught sight of a white stone building on the bank of the river. Upon inquiry, they found it to be one of the first spinning mills



built in Scotland. Soon outgrown and its machinery outmoded by more modern contraptions, the mill had been abandoned. Its old water wheel lay mouldering in the stream. the two-story building, however, was of solid stone faced inside with whitewashed brick.

Jamie ran up the stairs that were on the outside of the building. "Big fireplace up here," he called down, "Big rooms, snug and warm and in good repair."

Downstairs was the same. Barbara was eager to light the fire in the fireplace, sweep the hearth, and make some Scotch broth. So the Dunlops found a home in Gateside.

It was a bleak winter day when James Dunlop and his son, Jamie, joined the crowd of humanity scurrying toward the Mill. The new Mill was a huge building filled with long rows of spinning wheels. Outside, snow lay deep on the ground; but within the mill, the workers toiled and languished as if in the fetid air of the jungle. This super-heated atmosphere, necessary to the process of spinning, was further fouled by the acrid odor of unwashed, sweating humanity, and the smell of rancid grease dropped from the machines and trodden into the dirty floor.

The clamor of wheels and spindles constantly bombarded the ears of the workers, and their eyes were inflamed with the flakes of cotton which filled the air. James Dunlop had heard of cases where such fine particles of dust and cotton lint



### GATESIDE ON THE LEVERN

Fair Gateside near the gently flowing stream,  
O'ershadowed by thy green and bonnie braes,  
Rude commerce, with the siren's strident scream,  
Disturbs the even tenor of thy days. —M.F.W.





had caused explosions that wrecked entire plants. Such knowledge was of no comfort to him in this crisis of his life, and he was careful not to mention the matter to Jamie.

Now bleachfields and spinning mills were springing up all over the Levern Valley. Hundreds of female workers were brought in from the West Highlands and from Ireland. As it was impossible to find separate homes for these women, they were housed in special buildings erected by the millowners and accomodating from 100 to 300 persons. The women, soon dissatisfied with their poor wages and unhealthy working conditions, staged a "stay-in" strike. They remained in their quarters, and neither persuasions nor threats could make them come out. The mill owner, however, was equal to the occasion. He burned a quantity of sulphur so that the smoke blew into the Woman-House among the stay-in strikers, thus forcing them to come out of their stronghold. But the women had their revenge of a sort. Ever after, their employer was known as "Smokin' Johnny."

The spinning and weaving mills ran night and day, for the Napoleonic Wars were making a tremendous increase in the demand for textiles. Gold poured into the coffers of the mill-owners in a mighty stream. The mill-owners were very happy about this, and the suffering of the poor creatures tending the machines was looked upon as a matter of course. After all, it had pleased an

Almighty Providence to place these lowly creatures in the laboring class; therefore, they should be content with their lot. Moreover, man-power was cheap and plentiful and, if disease and accidents did carry off the workers, there were plenty more anxious to take the place of their fallen comrades.

Now Goldsmith, dipping his pen in compassion, wrote,

“Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,  
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay.”

Young Jamie Dunlop, all his life accustomed to sunshine and fresh air, now found himself shut away from the sun for sixteen hours a day. Although this brought on a deep depression of spirit from which he found it difficult to arouse himself, he worked on with the dogged determination that was his heritage. Nevertheless, as the weary months and years dragged by, the young man grew ever more silent and dour. He was never seen at a tavern spending his Saturday nights like many workmen, in drunken brawls. His one surcease from toil was the Sabbath Day when he attended services at the Established Church. Here he listened to the oft repeated warnings that the mouth of hell constantly yawned for the unwary; for him whose foot might slip into the ways of sin. The worshipper was assured that the Evil One was on the prowl ever seeking to drag men's souls into the fiery pit where the fire was not quenched. Such sermons somehow failed to cheer



the heart of Jamie Dunlop, or to ease the burden of life that lay too heavily upon him.

Father Dunlop, noting Jamie's moods of depression, arranged an invitation for him to spend his holiday with a wealthy uncle, one of the Dunlop family who was a merchant in Glasgow, and whose son, Willie, was about the age of Jamie.

Such a journey was the event of a lifetime. Jamie's mother fluttered about excitedly getting his clothes ready. She put the last fine stitches into a white shirt with ruffles at front and wrists, and carefully pressed his Sunday suit with her smoothing iron. When Jamie was dressed for the journey, father and mother thought him a bonnie sight in his fine light blue coat with broad metal buttons and breeches of the same light blue with copper buckles. His waistcoat was of flowered silk, and his gramishes or leggins were of grey cloth. Over his thick sandy hair Jamie wore his broad blue Lowland bonnet.

Jamie, never having been more than ten miles from home in his life, looked forward to the journey with ill concealed trepidation. But his way had been literally paved for him by John L. Macadam, a youthful Turnpike Trustee in the neighboring county of Ayr. Gone were the muddy roads and the pack-horses of yore. John Macadam had put into practice his revolutionary ideas of hard surfaced roads paved with stones so small they would go into a man's mouth.

Of course there was violent opposition to this



road building. The Highlanders said that the hard roads wore down the hoofs of the horses which were used to running so lightly over the heather. The Lairds did not want the roads near their mansion houses; and the tenant farmers opposed having roads near them for fear that rogues and vagrants from nearby towns would come and steal from them. In spite of all this opposition, John Macadam built hard-surfaced roads all over Scotland. Sometimes his laborers were stoned while paving roads through hostile villages; but the men kept right on working.

Quick to take advantage of the improved highways, Mr. Palmer built and put on them swift stage coaches running directly from London to Glasgow, a distance of 405 miles, in 65 hours. The fare was 4 pounds 16 shillings per inside passenger. Glasgow folk could be carried to Edinburgh in six hours—a distance of 46 miles.

Jamie Dunlop was carried magnificently on his way in a Palmer Coach with its brisk and pert postillions and its six horses rattling along at ten miles an hour, the wonder of all beholders. The only things that impeded the way were endless droves of cattle, sheep and pigs, geese and turkeys, being driven to the Glasgow market. Converging on the city from all directions, they blocked and befouled the roads.

As the Coach entered Argyle Street, Glasgow's most crowded thoroughfare, Jamie's unaccustomed ears were assailed by the roar and rumble

of traffic and the shrill cries of the street venders. A young girl with a huge basket on her head was crying, "Fresh oysters today!" An old apple woman was bawling out, "Apples, three a penny," while the hot potato man could be seen busily handing out his wares.

There was a red faced old man with his hair done in an old fashioned queue, sitting next to Jamie in the Coach. He looked out the window and sadly shook his head. "Ah, me, Glasgow streets are dull these days. Now when I was young, my lad, street sports had their hey-day—dancing bears, medical mountebanks, performing horses, tight rope walkers and what not. Gone—they're all gone, my lad. Only the Punch and Judy Shows are left to delight the children."

Jamie, taking in the sights with the awed wonder of a country lad on his first trip to the big city, could hardly share the old gentleman's sorrow over departed glories. Rather, he looked forward eagerly to the pleasures before him. At the Coach Stop, Willie was there to greet him and whisk him away in his own elegant landeau down Argyle Street to the Dunlop Mansion on Dunlop Street.

Hospitality was a tradition in the Dunlop family, and during Jamie's visit, a party was given in his honor. Days before the event Dunlop House was filled with the excitement of preparation, and the spicy odors of good things brewing in the great kitchen.



When the day came, Jamie, at the front window, watched the guests alight from their carriages and come trooping up the steps under the light of the porch lanterns. A cold wind was blowing and the girls were swathed like cocoons in their pelisses and mantles, while the men wore great-coats to their ankles.

Later Jamie was fascinated by the sight of the girls, freed from their cocoons, fluttering down the grand staircase to the drawing room. Their little pointed slippers of satin or kid exactly matched their dancing frocks—multi-colored, short-waisted frocks of clinging gauze or gossamer-satin. Never had Jamie gazed upon such an expanse of gleaming white shoulders and arms. Never had he seen such a display of feminine limbs, clad in fine white silk stockings, as showed beneath the short clinging skirts.

The young men greeted the girls with loud voices, their faces flushed, and some of them with steps unsteady from too much wine at dinner. But the ladies didn't appear to notice anything out of the way in their deportment. After all, these men were the elegant young blades of Glasgow society. Seeing them, Jamie realized how faded and definitely out moded was his own Sunday suit that he had thought so fine. Some of the older men, it is true, wore knee breeches like himself. But the gayest young blades sported the new fashion of pantaloons or trousers.

Cousin Willie was resplendent in a well-cut



blue coat with gilt buttons, short in front and with tails. The coat was open to show his blue and white striped silk waistcoat with the heavy gold watch chain stretched across it. Willie's stock, reaching to his chin, was of the finest starched cambric. His tight-fitting trousers of pearl kerseymere cloth were fastened with a strap under the sole of his equally close-fitting Wellington boots. Willie's dark, wavy hair smelled pleasantly of pomade. Now he motioned to the musicians to begin tuning up their violins, and indicated to his guests, with an elegant gesture, that the quadrille was about to begin.

Jamie, overcome by more than his usual shyness, retired to a quiet corner to watch the dancers weaving their intricate patterns. He was struck by the elaborate hairdresses of the women. Their hair was done high on the head with ringlets falling over the forehead and ears. Some wore flowers, and some feathers and jewels in their coiffures.

Dress caps of satin and lace seemed to be high style; and one pretty lass was wearing the new Devonshire mob cap, very much on one side of her head, with her hair in full curls on the exposed side.

Cousin Willie was dancing with a dark-haired beauty and, when the music stopped, he brought her over to Jamie for an introduction. The beauty curtsied and dimpled, and smiled at Jamie with her full lips. As she talked she languidly waved

a feather fan the color of daffodils. Jamie gazed at the lass in her clinging gown of yellow gauze and thought how beautiful she was. Her low-cut corsage was fastened over her white bosom with a bunch of violets, and the drapery around the hem of her scant skirt was caught up with bunches of the same flowers. A wreath of violets held with a rosette of yellow gauze, and a feather aigrette adorned the girl's dark curly tresses.

How could Jamie avoid being dazzled by all this beauty and gayety? It was a different world from his drab way of life. But amid all this luxury and laughter and display of beauty, Jamie saw, in his mind's eye, one more lovely than them all, Mary Wilson, with her sunny hair, her sweet smile and her country grace.

Yet Jamie was not without natural male curiosity about these girls with their clinging gowns. Surely there could be no room for underwear beneath those slim silhouettes, despite the great need for them, Scotland's climate being what it is. If Jamie had only known—the mysterious secret was revealed in the current number of "Ladies' Magazine" where Mrs. Shaw advertised her "Invisible garments of patent elastic Spanish Lamb's Wool, Petticoats, Drawers and Waistcoats all in one. They add less to size than cambric muslin and are warranted never to shrink in the wash."

Truly these warm, snug, one-piece garments, together with corsets and a satin slip, were all



that was needed beneath the clinging, gauzy frocks worn by the belles of 1819.

The hour was growing late and the company trooped into the huge candle-lit dining room for supper, where the tables groaned under enough food, Jamie thought, to keep his family for a month. There were platters of roast larks and broiled grouse, forests of celery, pyramids of potatoes and dozens of meat pies. The talk and laughter rose to a new crescendo as the decanters of wine were emptied. It was delicious old East India Maderia in great abundance. But one of the guests voiced his sorrow at there being no claret. "It is the only wine," he said plaintively, "that I care for more than half a dozen glasses of."

Still later in the evening, a waltz being ended, a butler appeared with a punch bowl placing it on a table at one end of the dining room. At the same time a footman entered with the makings. Compounding the punch was undertaken by a middle aged gentleman whose skill proclaimed him a master of the noble science of making a bowl. The punch being made, the young fellows around the table, glasses in hand, felt that the real enjoyment of the evening had now commenced.

The morning after the party Jamie was leisurely reading the newspaper when his eye was caught by an advertisement under the head of "Arrival and Departure of Ships." "What do



you think of this, Willie?" Jamie asked his cousin who was looking a little dull after his night of revelry.

"Steam Passage Boat, the Comet, between Glasgow, Greenock, Rothsay and the West Highlands. For Passengers only. Sailing Wednesday from the Broomielaw (Glasgow Bridge) about mid-day or at such an hour thereafter as may answer from the state of the tide. The elegance, comfort, safety and speed...."

"Read no more, my good fellow," said Willie, jumping up and clapping Jamie on the back. "Your excitement betrays you. You want to take the trip. Well, then, why not? Wednesday you and I are off for the Highlands on a Steam Passage Boat."

Jamie could find no words to express his joy at the prospect of such an adventure. He could only murmur, "T'would be a bonnie voyage," but the gleam in his blue eyes betrayed his happiness.

"When you go home, Jamie," said his cousin, "you can tell the folks that you sailed aboard the first Steam Boat in Europe ever to make commercial runs. Yes, the Comet began carrying passengers from Glasgow to Greenock in 1813."

Wednesday noon found the cousins aboard the Comet ready for any adventure that might befall. The Comet was a wooden, paddle-wheeled ship with a 40 foot keel and an extreme breadth of 11.25 feet. Her burden was 25 to 30 tons. Jamie and

Willie had to take a look into the little engine room on the port side of the vessel, where the engineer was getting up steam. The engine was a single vertical-cylinder type of about four horse power, the boiler being placed on the starboard side of the ship. The Comet had a single funnel which also served as a mast and carried a yard and square sail. Steam pressure was rising and black smoke began pouring from the funnel. A shrill whistle sounded and the Comet moved, with a great huffing and puffing, out into the Clyde River bound for the Firth. Soon she had attained her maximum speed of 6.7 knots.

Jamie stood on the deck breathing in the salt tang of the sea with the wind blowing through his sandy hair. Never had he felt so happy, so alive. His blue eyes gazed in rapture at the wild beauty of the Highlands. Never had he dreamed of such enchanting hills, such picturesque lochs and bays. Jamie's past existence in the stifling cotton mill now seemed like a dreadful nightmare dispelled by the light of this beautiful day.

What if the one-cylinder engine did get out of order on the journey back to Glasgow, and all on board have to bear a hand at the ropes to hoist the sail? What if a sudden gale did almost drive the Comet ashore off Craignish Point? It was all joyous adventure.

Back home after his holidays, Jamie bore himself with new-found poise and self assurance. He was now a man who had traveled and seen the



world. Even his fond mother felt that he must no longer be called by the childish name, Jamie.

The manager of the mill was impressed with this new James Dunlop and promoted him to Foreman with an increase in wages. Now at last James felt that he could be married to Mary Wilson who had waited for him all these years, in spite of eager swains who had tried to woo her. Now James joyfully planned to go down to Dovecothall on the week end and ask Mary to set the wedding day.

But the fulfilment of the happiness of the lovers was to be further hindered by the cruel hand of fate. Before the week was over, Father Dunlop was the victim of a terrible accident at the mill. Perhaps long use had made him careless of the ever-present danger from the unguarded machines. When the power was shut off, Father Dunlop was only a broken and bloody heap on the dirty floor.

James' heart was full of bitterness as he looked upon the pale face and shrunken body of his father as it lay in the coffin. Father Dunlop had been an old man at fifty bearing no resemblance to the jovial Miller at Dovecothall who sang so blithely as the mill wheel went round. To such a pass had the new System brought the family of Dunlop. All that James could do now was to dip into his precious savings to give his father a decent burial and then to support his sorrowing mother.



After the funeral James went down to Dovecothall and told his Mary that he would release her from the bonds of bethrothal. Surely she would not want to remain bound to a promise that he was powerless to keep. But Mary, staunch and true as ever, clung to James and, hiding her own disappointment, strove to comfort him in his distress.

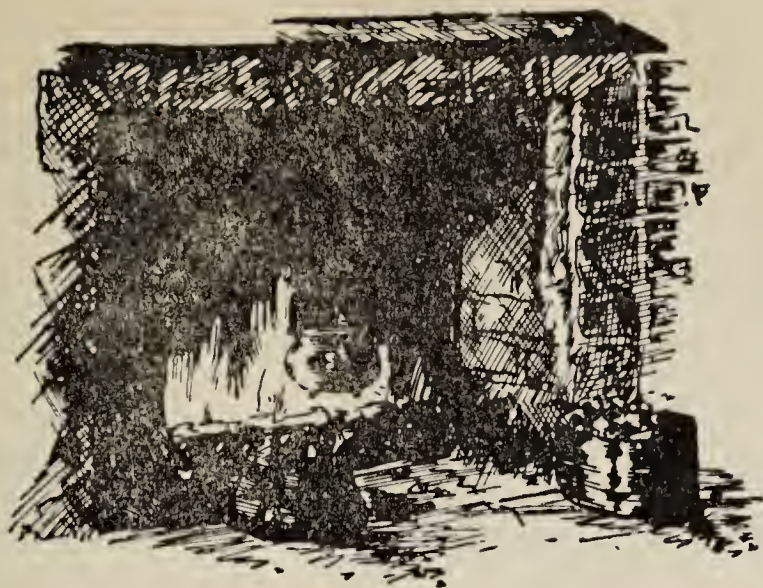
During the following years, the cost of living continued to rise without a corresponding increase in wages. The high tariff on the import of grain sent the price of wheat up to ten shillings (\$2.50) per bushel which in turn forced up the price of bread causing much suffering among the helpless poor.

James struggled on through these "dear" years becoming ever more silent and dour. But his saving account showed a steady gain in deposits. At last he was able to claim Mary Wilson for his bride. They were married in the little Kirk at Dovecothall on October 9, 1829.

The bride was radiant in her lovely bridal frock of white cashmere with the new leg o'mutton sleeves and the wreath of white roses embroidered around the wide hem of her full skirt. James cut a handsome figure in his new black broadcloth suit. With his broad shoulders and slim waist, he hardly needed the padding that was so fashionable. The long years seemed to roll away as James came out of the chapel with his bride on his arm. His blue eyes were radiant with happiness, and he

felt again the pulse of youth stirring in his veins.

So Mary Wilson went to live in the white stone house on the bank of the Levern River. The following year a son was born to James and Mary. Of course the child had to be named James as all eldest sons had been for many generations. Two years went by and then came William, and then Adam. The family was very happy in the white stone house in the quiet Levern Valley, and comfortable too, for James no longer felt the pinch of poverty. He had become Manager of the Gate-side Spinning Mill in which he had worked his way up from a poorly paid spinner.



#### CHAPTER IV

Fereneze Braes were hidden by dark clouds scudding before the wild wind. Lashing at the sedges on its banks, the River Levern roared and leaped through the valley. Man and beast scurried to shelter from the driving blast. But within the House of Dunlop, nestled against the wold, all was snug and warm as a cave. Glowing cheerily the great fireplace sent waves of warmth toward the bed where Mary Wilson Dunlop lay with her new-born son close to her breast. It was Wednesday morning, Saint Valentine's Day, 1838, and this was the fourth son born to James and Mary Dunlop. The infant was tiny and red, with the redness of a child who is to be very fair, and his eyes blue as the hare-bell in the meadow.

Grandma Wilson, in from the country to care for Mary, was bustling about in her white cap



and homespun plaid gown. "Ay, he's a bonnie lad, that one," said she looking proudly at her new grandson, "and ye need have no fear o' the Fairies takin' him awa'. See Mary, I put yon smoothin' iron on the window sill and the sickle at the foot of your bed. Iron, my dearie, is the charm Wee Folk most fear."

"Ay mother," Mary smiled indulgently. "But mother, should God-fearing Presbyterians be trusting charms and enchantments? Young folk think different now from old days and ...."

"Hist lass, would you, his own mother, take a chance o' the Fairies bearin' the wee bairn awa'?" the old woman questioned angrily, "and mayhap leavin' in his stead a changeling child like that poor misshapen lad down the street, or the lass o'er the brae without a mickle o' sense, forever adroolin and a whimperin'?"

"O mother, you frighten me!" Mary gathered her son closer to her breast. "What need for such talk? Surely God will guard this child."

The gale was rising to a new tempo, screaming around the house and roaring down the chimney. Grandma Wilson heard the rustle of the mantles of the Wee Folk as they went riding by on the wind. Her old eyes grew dark with terror, but she turned to the babe on the bed and cried out bravely, "Fairies are abroad this night but they'll no harm ye, my dearie. See, I'm warmin your daddy's shirt before the fire to wrap round ye. Ay, that's a charm the Fairies canna break!"

David Dunlop is proud of belonging to the gallant regiment known as the 78th Seaforth Highlanders. This regiment has a long record of distinguished service.



DAVID AND LUCY DALE

Lucy Dale is a lovely and demure bride in traditional white gown and veil. The youthful bridegroom wears the insignia of rank on his sleeve, and his trousers are of the Mackenzie tartan of the Earl of Seaforth.





Sunday, March 4 was the day set for the baby to be baptised. Now on the Saturday before, Dunlop kitchen was all astir with preparation for the christening feast. The usual Sabbath Day dinner of singed sheep's heads was not enough for so important an event. These heads with their delicious oily flavor, made by singeing the heads until they were black as coal instead of shearing them, were a standby for Sabbath Day dinners as they could be left to boil while the family was at kirk. But nothing less than a Haggis was good enough for this christening feast.

Already the bag made from a sheep's stomach was on boiling with the gullet hanging over the edge of the pot to carry off the impurities. Grandma Wilson was busily chopping the suet and onions and heart and liver and mixing all together with the oatmeal and seasonings ready to stuff the sheep's stomach and boil again. Then would emerge the favorite dish of the Scots, Haggis Pudding. Meanwhile Grandma Dunlop was taking a pan of currant buns from the brick oven, and delicious, spicy odors filled the room.

The christening at Neilston Parish Kirk was a happy event. James, the father, looked dignified in his Sunday suit, the same black broad cloth he had worn at his wedding. He walked a few steps in front of his women folks on the way to the kirk, while Mary's younger sister, Agnes, carried the infant in her arms. That would ensure him the best of luck, for she was a young, unmarried

woman. The vows of baptism were taken by the father alone, the mother, according to custom, having no part in the ceremony as the minister sprinkled the baby and solemnly intoned, "I baptise thee, John Patterson Dunlop."

Grandma Wilson was happiest of all. She knew what she knew. Now that little Johnny was blessed by holy rites of the Church no Witch or Fairy had any power to harm him. Softly she crooned as she rocked him, looking fondly at his little red face and his bright blue eyes. When she began to speak—slowly and quietly—a stillness fell on the room, "This is no common child. Ay, the sands of his life run sweetly. Sorrow comes, but joy follows. He will roam o'er wide seas and far places. I see him Laird of his own lands, ay, his own lands in a strange country the like of which our eyes shall never see. There fruits ripen 'neath a glowing sun and grain ripples in the fields like a golden sea. I behold his children and his children's children growing up strong and free, for it is the Land of the Free."

Wee Johnny, as he was called because of his diminutive size, grew strong and wiry. His nimble fingers explored everything within reach, and his blue eyes observed all the wonders of his world, which included a baby brother, Charles.

Times were changing. The newly-invented lucifer match was taking the place of the old tinder-box and in the Dunlop kitchen, a naphtha lamp burned brightly on the table. The lamp gave



as much light as ten candles. One night Johnny was minding the baby who sat by the table in his high chair. Mother was stirring the porridge that hissed and plopped in the iron pot. "See the pretty lamp, Charlie," cried Johnny, and the baby laughed and stretched out tiny hands toward the brightness.

The flame darted up the chimney like a snake ready to strike. A loud explosion—burning naphtha spurting over baby brother! With a wild cry mother snatched him up and tried to smother the flame with a blanket from the cradle. Neighbors running in heard only the cries of Johnny and mother in a cacophony of terror. Baby Charlie would never cry again. All his life Johnny was to remember that scene; and for many a day the Dunlop House was lighted only by the flickering light of a candle flame.

Came the year 1844 and hard times. It became impossible for the small spinning mill at Gateside to compete with the huge mills operating in Glasgow. The little mill had to be abandoned. Many of the villagers, not only in Gateside but all over Scotland emigrated to the United States of America. Thousands too, were leaving Ireland for America. A terrible blight had ruined their entire potato crop, leaving famine and pestilence in its wake. During the years 1845-6, over 200,000 people in Ireland died from actual starvation or disease. Others flocked to Glasgow and greatly affected the economic scene there by fur-



ther lowering wages and by burdening an over crowded city already infamous for her slums.

So the Dunlop family had to say goodbye to Gateside and the sweetly flowing Levern, and cast their lot with the thousands flocking to serve the Machine in Glasgow. The machine age had come upon humanity so quickly that there had been no time to make decent preparation. The Dunlops were appalled by conditions in Glasgow.

No busses or trams existed to take workers to and fro, so all had to live within walking distance of the mills. As a result huge excrescences arose on nearby lands in the form of tall, dark tenements huddled together about courtyards or wynds. The barbarous tax on light and air, known as the Window Tax, caused the builders to make windows not only small in size but few in number, so that many rooms were dark and airless even on a summer day. It was not uncommon to see a block of buildings less than fifty yards square with one courtyard, inhabited by twenty five families, with an average of four to the family. One water tap in the courtyard served for all, and there was a central midden upon which all rubbish and offal of every kind was thrown. In some cases families of eight or ten lived in two rooms. The beds were holes in the wall with wooden props to support the straw pallets. Sick cats skittered about the narrow stone stairways spreading infection in their wake, and failing to keep down the rats and mice infesting every home. Ragged, dirty children

swarmed the filthy courtyards and adjoining streets. As a result, typhus, smallpox, and cholera took their deadly toll of lives each year. Added to this the spectre of the white plague of tuberculosis constantly haunted these dank and cheerless dwellings.

The Dunlops managed to find a flat on a respectable street where there were rows of substantial two-story red brick houses. For the lower flat in one of these James paid nine pounds rent per year, about \$36.00. Then he found a position as cashier in one of the mills at a wage of thirty shillings per week, about \$7.20. This wage enabled the Dunlops to keep their heads above the quagmire of poverty surrounding them in the menacing slums not far away—menacing indeed, now that prices of food were soaring and one was hard put to it to keep porridge in the pot and a bit of meat in the broth. The staple food, oatmeal, was scarce and, for the first time in his young life, Johnny had to eat corn meal porridge, and he did not like it.

James, the eldest son, was now old enough to work and to add his small pittance to the family budget, but Johnny and his other brothers had to go to school. They didn't much like getting up so early on winter mornings, but school opened at 6:30 a.m. Schoolmasters of that day were poorly educated and poorly paid. Many having failed at more ambitious ventures or having been crippled



in war or industry, turned to teaching as a last resort to eke out a livelihood.

Johnny hated school. The building was dark, ill-ventilated, overcrowded, and its mouldering walls smelled like a mausoleum. Johnny could not overcome his shyness when called upon to recite his lessons before his schoolmates. This shyness was mistaken by the schoolmaster for disobedience and stubbornness. Johnny would stand in painful silence, his reddish hair standing up belligerently on his head and his full underlip outthrust, but he could not force out a sound, even under the threat of a flogging. Thus wee Johnny writhed and howled under many undeserved whippings with the cruel leather strap, the standard equipment for schoolmasters.

Finally mother sensing that something was wrong with her usually cheerful little lad, took him out of the local school and investigated the Glasgow schools until she found a master who was really human and understanding. Now Johnny's bright mind unfolded like a flower in sunshine. By the time he was ten years of age he was reading everything on which he could lay his hands. He fairly haunted the community library and reading room, and spent what few pence he had at the book store. Before Johnny was thirteen he had a fair knowledge of arithmetic, history, geography and grammar, with a smattering of Latin. In addition to this, of course, there was a daily Bible reading at school and the



Shorter Catechism was taught. Bright spots in Johnny's young life were summer holidays spent either with his grandparents, the Wilsons, in the country, or at the seaside where he learned to row a boat and to love the Sea.

Ever since the death of her baby Charles, Mary Wilson had not been herself. Her merry smiles and cheerful voice still kept up the family morale through the trying years in Glasgow, but underneath her brave exterior, the tragedy everlastingly scourged her soul. At last, in 1851, her spirit fled away to be forever with her little lost child.

What a change now came to the Dunlop home! James, the father, grew more silent and dour than ever. Since his beloved Mary had gone, life for him held no meaning and sank to the level of monotonous routine. But who was there to care? There was no one even to make him a custard or a dish of calf's foot jelly—something that his tortured stomach could tolerate. For years the man had suffered from that occupational disease of spinners, indigestion and its kindred ailments. Even Doctor Godbold's Vegetable Balsam, a cure for all ills, failed to ease his misery. When a physician was called, all the learned man seemed able to do was collect his fee and increase the already terrific dosage of calomel.

James Junior, because of his father's grief and increasing ill health, asserted himself and became literally head of the family. A niece came in to keep house; but she had no authority and spent

her spare time in tippling. Thus the brood of children, so well cared for by a loving mother, became shabby and neglected. James Junior soon took the younger boys out of school and put them to work.

Johnny was sent to the cotton spinning mill, where James worked, to pack bobbins in baskets from 6:00 a.m. until 6:00 p.m. winter and summer. This was monotonous work and Johnny hated it. If he got tired and was caught sitting down for a moment on a basket or window-ledge, he was fined. In fact there were so many rules and regulations that fines made serious inroads into the three shillings Johnny earned every week. However, Johnny was now a husky lad of thirteen years who, in the worst of times had never gone hungry. He looked with pity at the boys and girls, only eight or nine years old, pale and puny, ragged and half starved, bending over the spinning machines twelve hours a day. These were the wretched orphans from the workhouse who were herded into the mills and rented out for a number of years to the manufacturers as apprentices. These children were lodged and fed in common, like animals, and were completely at the mercy of their cruel masters. Johnny saw a tiny fellow fall asleep beside his machine unable any longer to stand. The overseer called loudly and the boy sprang up, still asleep, and began mechanically going through the motions of tying



the broken threads, not knowing that his machine had been stopped.

After a year of this work John felt that he could no longer endure the sight of so much suffering that he was powerless to alleviate. He managed to persuade brother James to let him take a job as reader's boy in a daily newspaper office. This was night work, from 6:00 P.M. to 3:00 A.M. but it just suited Johnny's taste; and he revelled in the atmosphere of printer's ink and in the excitement of news gathering. Besides, he never had to get up early in the morning—a thing he loathed.

James, however, did not approve of this work and decided to apprentice John as a mechanical engineer. At first, because it was hard, dirty work, John hated it. But as his knowledge increased his interest grew and he was given less menial tasks. Meanwhile affairs at home grew worse. In 1854 John's father and his brother William died. The following year brother James married a young woman named Euphemia. The old home was broken up, James taking little twelve-year-old David to live with him and leaving the other boys, John and Adam, to shift for themselves.

The lads took lodgings together and tried to exist on their pitiful wages. During the years 1855-1856, John's wages were from eight to ten shillings a week, about \$2.50. The lads nearly ruined their digestions for all time by living for weeks entirely on pease brose, the cheapest thing they could find.



In 1857 John's apprenticeship was ended and he demanded journey-men's wages—21 shillings a week. He was promptly discharged. He was now nineteen years of age, strong and wiry, and a good steady workman. But times were hard and there was much unemployment. In June of that year the Sepoy Indian Mutiny broke out and soldiers were in demand. After looking for work for two weeks, John's small savings were exhausted, so without consulting any of his relatives, he enlisted in the East India Company's Artillery.

After a short period of training in England, the soldiers sailed for India aboard the troopship, Vernon. She was a slow, old wooden sailing vessel, but comfortable enough when the period of seasickness was over. The recruits occupied the whole of the main deck which was lined with mess tables and where meals were served. Hammocks were kept on the upper deck in the daytime and brought down by the soldiers at night and hung on hooks. Thus the main deck did double duty as mess hall and sleeping quarters. John was pleased with his new life. With the good food—salt beef and pudding one day and salt pork and pea soup the next, and plenty of hard tack, John was better fed than he had been for a long time. Being a teetotaler he exchanged his daily allowance of grog for a second allowance of lime juice which helped to keep him in top physical condition. John's shipmates were a decent enough lot of lads, but John Dunlop himself, by a steadiness,

sobriety and attention to duty not often found in one so young, won the attention of his commanding officer, and was made a Lance Corporal.

Now the Vernon entered the "doldrums" with its sticky, clammy heat. There she was becalmed "like a painted ship upon a painted ocean." A puff of wind would move the old tub a few knots, then there would be a downpour of rain in a dead calm. Thus the Vernon drifted across the equator for three weeks until suddenly, near the east coast of Brazil, the southeast trade winds struck the sails and the ship made good time to St. Helena. The stop on this island was only long enough to fill the water casks. The Vernon then put to sea again and made its way around the Cape of Good Hope with favorable winds.

About this time the water in the casks developed a foul odor and a worse taste. Investigation showed that the mate who had charge of the casks had carelessly left them open when they were empty and, in the tropics, they had become breeding places for cockroaches. When the casks were filled at St. Helena the cockroaches were drowned and the effluvia from their decaying bodies polluted the water. There was nothing else to drink until at last the Vernon sailed into the harbor of the Island of Mauritius in the Indian Ocean. On February 6, 1858, just five months after leaving England, the Vernon sailed into the port of Bombay.

By this time the Sepoy Rebellion was pretty



well under control. The natives had fled and the British troops were in pursuit. But orders were orders and the newly landed troops had to be drilled. As a beginning they were marched from Bombay east to Ahmadnagar, a distance of 110 miles, in six days. All baggage was carried on wagons and, to escape the intolerable heat of the day, marching began at 1:00 a.m. with rest periods taken at midday. At Ahmadnagar John and his fellow recruits had to drill every morning on the parade grounds where the acrid dust and the scorching heat made the British lads long for the cool, sweet airs of home.

One morning John Dunlop fell unconscious in the ranks. When he came to he was in a hospital where he remained for some weeks fighting an attack of tropical fever. Soon after his recovery, he learned that there were vacancies in the Normal School of Poonah where students were trained for positions as army school-masters. Weak as John was from his bout with the fever, he took the entrance examination and was among those who passed. In a few days, he and the other successful applicants for training set out for Poonah, a distance of almost 200 miles, in big, clumsy carts drawn by bullocks. So began a happy academic life much to John's liking.

John's only anxiety now was for his young brother, David, left in the care of his elder brother, James and his young wife, Euphemia. How could a bride be expected to know about the care



and feeding of a twelve year old boy? Years later (1869) David Dunlop wrote an account of his life at this time in a letter to his fiance, Lucy Dale. Excerpts from David's letter follow:

“....A few months before my eldest Brother, James, got married, I left school and became a messenger boy in a Wholesale and Retail Drug-gist's Shop; and I was only a short time there until, the Master having taken a liking to me, I was made Apprentice to the Drug business. When my brother got married he took me home to live with him, my two other brothers, John and Adam, being able to shift for themselves. At first everything looked bright and I thought I was going to be very happy.

“At first I used to get something very nice for breakfast before I went to work at 7 o'clock, and she gave me a good Dinner to take with me as the shop was two miles away, and when I came home at night I got a good Supper. Then there was a falling off in the meat line until my daily food resolved itself into this, Porridge and Butter Milk or Treacle for Breakfast, some bread, sometimes with and sometimes without Butter, for Dinner, and when I came home at night, Porridge again, left in the oven until it had a skin on it about an inch thick.

My Master, who was a very kind man, found out what I was getting for Dinner, and a message came from his Wife that I was to go to her house every day for Dinner; and I was very glad to do

so, as I used to get a capital Dinner. I had clothes when I went to live with them, but as they wore out, they were replaced by much inferior ones. In fact my Master would scarcely let me stand behind the Counter with them on. The first Sunday suit I got was one Euphemia's brother had worn, I don't know how long, and I looked a guy in them as they were much too large for me.

"I was told I was very heavy on Shoes, so they bought me a pair of Gutta Percha ones which were cheaper, however, they wore down too. They thought it most extraordinary that neither Leather nor Gutta Percha Shoes would last forever. So I had to get a pair of wooden shoes, clogs, they were called. They had Leather uppers and a piece of brass on the toes. The sole and heel were one solid piece of Wood about an inch thick and bound round with Iron. When I appeared at the Shop with these on, I cannot tell you how I looked. I was ashamed, as Clogs are only worn by the very lowest classes. And the idea of a Druggist's Apprentice serving Ladies and Gentlemen with a pair of Clogs on was quite out of the question.

When my Master saw them, he gave me some money to go out and buy some respectable Leather Shoes, which I did. My Master told me always to put them on when I came in the morning and take them off before I went home at night, and to say nothing about them at home. The first time, which was every Quarter, when my Brother James came



to get my pay, he was astonished to find ten shillings deducted for a pair of Shoes, and my Master and him had a great row about them. However, I had no more of the Clogs after that.

“One day I was very bad with the Toothache. I tried everything I could think of in the Shop, but all to no use. One of the Shopmen gave me a shilling to get it drawn, which I did. Later I got the Shilling from my brother, John.

“While I was dragging out this miserable existence, there was one bright spot in it,, that was when my Brother John and I met. John and I used to see each other on Sunday afternoons at the Shop during the hours it was closed, from 2 to 4 in the afternoon. We had our Meeting Place like Lovers, and both of us used to be there at the exact time. It is the remembrance of these hours which makes me think so much of him.

“But this even was not to last for dull trade came on and John was thrown out of his Situation and, when he was reduced to the last twopence, he enlisted and went to India. I shall never forget the day I parted with him at the Railway Station, not knowing when we were to meet again, if ever. When I got home that night, my Sister-in-law said to me, ‘You have not got John now to go and tell your troubles to.’

“Sometime later, my Master failed in business and I was thrown out of employment. I was allowed to walk about looking for a Situation for a fortnight. One night when I went home my



Brother told me, as I could not get a job myself, he would get me into the Cotton Mill where he was a Clerk. Now I always abhorred Cotton Mills, as it is an unhealthy job, and I considered it a degradation to come down from a Druggist to be a piece-worker which was the branch I was intended for.

“Next day I went to the place where Recuits are enlisted and, while looking at a Bill recommending young men to join the 78th Seaforth Highlanders, a sergeant of that gallant Corps came up and asked me if I wanted the Queen’s Shilling. I said, ‘Yes.’ and I became a Soldier. (A shilling a day was the soldier’s pay.)

“I went home as usual that day and my Brother told me that he had got me a job at the Cotton Mill. He gave me all sorts of advice. I was to be respectful to my Superiors etc. etc. and go to work the following morning. I said ‘all right’ but not a word of my enlistment. Next morning my Sister-in-law got up and gave me some bread for Breakfast and then went back to bed. So I put on my best clothes, such as they were, and set out, not for the Mill but for the Recruiting Sergeant. I expect the Porridge left in the oven for my Supper is rather cold by this time. That day I passed the Doctor, got sworn to serve the Queen, and was approved as a fit and proper person to join the Highlanders. Two days afterwards I joined the Depot of the 78th at Aberdeen in the North of Scotland.”

So ended the letter of David Dunlop on a note of happiness. (In June 1874, David Dunlop died at Aldershot Camp in England leaving his widow, Lucy and three children, Jane, James and David Jr.)

Meanwhile a son, James, was born to James and Euphemia and in the year 1859, a daughter, Christina. The young couple found it a constant struggle to make the meager wages of a Cotton Mill Clerk feed and clothe their family.\*

At this time John Dunlop was teaching in the Army School at Poonah, India. But this happy state of affairs was too good to last. As a result of the Sepoy Mutiny, the East India Company was abolished in 1859, and the Imperial Government took charge of India. All students of the Normal School were called upon to choose between continuing under the new regime or returning home to England. This announcement caused quite a commotion among the soldiers. Soon, however, they decided that they had had about enough of the clammy heat and the vile smells and the burning fevers of India. They were all homesick British boys longing for the cool airs of Home. John threw in his lot with the rest but soon had reason to curse himself for a young fool.

The treatment of discharged soldiers returning home was far different from that accorded them

\* Euphemia bore seven children, James, Christina, William, Euphemia, Elizabeth, Duncan and Joanna. Christina, William and Duncan were the only children to live to maturity.



on their outward passage. The food was rotten, tainted meat and weavily ship's biscuits. Many of the boys became ill, and twenty young lads never lived to see the shores of England. They were buried at sea. At last, after a voyage of three wretched months, John and his friends arrived in London. Here they received their pay and scattered to the four winds.

John went to Glasgow and took a job as journeyman machinest in one of the many large Iron Works in that city. Here he stayed eight months. Work then became slack and hundreds of men were laid off. John, being one of them, thought with disgust of the lot of the workingman. Men did not suffer so much from hard work, long hours and poor pay as they did from uncertainty of employment. When they were paid off they had to hang around indefinitely until the manufacturers saw fit to hire them again. In the meantime the family larder grew bare and the fire on the hearth shrunk to a single flickering coal.

About this time John met an old friend of his father's who was a retired Chief Engineer of the Royal Navy. "You are wasting your time, John," said the old man, "hanging around the Iron Works. A lad like you with your good education and steady habits would do well in the Navy."

John took the old man's advice, applied to the Admiralty and passed his examination at Woolwich for the rank of Assistant Engineer. The Royal Military Academy was situated at Wool-



wich, a strongly fortified city on the Thames, eight miles south east of London. Portsmouth was the place of John's first appointment. This great naval base overlooking and guarding the Channel contained the Portsmouth Steam Reserve. A number of gunboats were stored at the dockyard here and it was the duty of the engineers to keep the machinery in order. The young engineers were also on call for temporary duty as required in other ships. This was May 1861 and John Dunlop was twenty three years of age.

There was no lodging to be found in Portsmouth near the dockyards, so John ferried across to Gosport seeking a place to live. He was amused to find that the rate of the ferry fare depended on the state of the weather. Now in May the Channel was calm.



## CHAPTER V

In the bright sunshine of a May morning, John Dunlop set out to explore the town of Gosport. He walked briskly along Main Street stopping at an intersection to admire the view of the Channel sparkling under blue skies, to breathe in the tangy, salt air, and to hear the sound of the breakers dashing against the sea wall. Shyly conscious of his new blue uniform with its fine brass buttons, he was still more aware of the fact that this was the Sabbath Day, as the bells began ringing out an invitation to worship. No Presbyterian kirk could be found. So John joined the little procession wending its way up the hill to the Wesleyan Chapel. The men were plodding along in their sombre blacks, slackening their pace to that of the women, hampered as they were by their huge crinolines.

After the service, people stood about shaking hands and talking to their neighbors, while John waited hoping that someone would speak to him, a stranger. He turned suddenly at the sound of a



JOHN AND SARAH DUNLOP  
1862



SARAH DUNLOP

1864

H. M. S. ADVENTURE







voice saying, "Good morning, sir. My name is Samuel Coombes."

John saw a dapper young man in top hat and frock coat with a rosebud in the lapel. A heavy gold watch chain stretched across his satin waistcoat, and he held in his hand a gold-headed cane. Beside him stood a tall, dark-haired lady whom he introduced as, "My wife, Lizzie."

John bowed politely and murmured that he was John Dunlop, stationed at Portsmouth, engineer in Her Majesty's Service in the Steam Reserve.

But John hardly noticed the tall, dark lady, so intently were his blue eyes staring at the vision of loveliness at her side, "What were this enchanting creature and the flamboyant young man doing in the company of these Wesleyans?" John was asking himself. Wesleyans had sworn to forsake the world, the flesh and the devil. This girl, with her provocative glances, her dangling earrings, her full, red lips and her saucy airs, seemed like all three rolled into one. Even the subtle perfume emanating from her lace handkerchief seemed to spell temptation.

Samuel Coombes, seeing the stricken look on the face of the young Scot, smiled slyly and murmured, "My sister, Sarah Ella."

In a daze, John accepted an invitation to dinner, and felt his shyness melting away in the warmth of the Coombes' hospitality. The young Scot even relaxed enough to be amused when Samuel Coombes, carving knife in one hand and

fork in the other, stood menacingly above the roast beef and Yorkshire pudding while pronouncing a rapid-fire grace over the bountiful meal.

After dinner the white-capped nurse brought in the baby daughter, Emily Amelia, daintily dressed in her long, white ruffled robe and smelling sweetly of baby powder. Just to tease him, Sarah insisted that John hold the infant. So he sat helplessly with the soft, little creature in his arms—too greatly embarrassed even to notice the baby's rose-petal skin and the fluff of dark hair above her wide, grey eyes.

Someway, John hardly knew how, he became a paying guest in the Coombes household. Now John took time to notice the tall, dark lady, Elizabeth Coombes, her raven hair parted demurely in the middle, her calm, beautiful face, and her efficient management of home and family. John found himself alternately amused and annoyed by Samuel Coombes. He seemed so accurately to embody Ian MacClaren's description of a certain Englishman, "A man who had an uncertain control over the letter 'h' but a self-confidence that bordered on the miraculous."

For years, John Dunlop had thought chiefly of steam gauges, cylinder heads and boilers. Now more subtle thoughts crept unbidden into his mind. Even when he was busy computing steam pressures and costs of repairing marine engines, visions of pouting red lips in a pale, lovely face, and silken lashes, half concealing coquettish



glances swam before his mind upsetting his mathematical calculations.

As John wooed his lovely lady, Sarah Ella, he found her a creature of moods. Today she seemed entirely his own. Tomorrow her coldness was not to be borne. Yet every moment with her was a delight. Sometimes they ferried across to Portsmouth and attended the theatre, and, sometimes, went for long walks down by the sea wall. Even though these walks left Sarah Ella exhausted, she seemed to find them a balm for her restless spirit. John couldn't help thinking that perhaps, if her tiny waist had not been so tightly laced, and her heavy hoop skirts less cumbersome, she might not have tired so easily.

Thus a whole year went by. Sam and Elizabeth Coombes looked with favor on the young Scot. Here was no common sailor, but an officer in the Royal Navy. The lad was steady and hard-working and on his way up. Surely he was a good match for their somewhat difficult Sarah. Suddenly John Dunlop was appointed to a sea-going ship, the *Adventure*. She was a troopship employed in carrying troops back and forth across the Atlantic, and due to sail in a few weeks for Canada. Faced by this fact, Sarah Ella at last yielded to the persistent wooing of her Scottish lover.

There was no time to have a wedding gown made. But the bride looked charming in her costume with the plum-colored taffeta basque worn over the wide, ruffled, hoop skirt of soft,

checked silk. Her small hat was trimmed with ostrich plumes. Gift of the groom was an exquisitely carved cameo which the bride wore, in the high style of the moment, on a black velvet ribbon about her neck.

It was Springtime again and the little Wesleyan Chapel was white with May blossoms and wild hyacinths spilling their heady perfume on the air. There, before the altar, John and Sarah became husband and wife, "For richer, or poorer, in sickness and in health, till death do us part."

Coming out into the May sunshine with his bride on his arm, John's heart was filled with the solemn joy of his marriage hymn,

"O perfect love, all human thought transcending,  
Lowly we kneel in prayer before thy throne  
That theirs may be the love that knows no ending—"

The exalted mood persisted throughout the wedding feast while toasts were being drunk to the lovely bride. It was later that John was stabbed by sudden fear as he realized that Sarah Ella's eyes were too bright and her usually pale face flushed with wine. Her voice was becoming shrill and John thought uneasily that her laughter was a little too loud.

Two weeks of pure delight, passed swiftly like a dream, and then came a rude awakening. The troopship, *Adventure*, was due to sail. Cruel time had severed the lovers' embrace—unclasped their hands. Now John, standing on the deck, could see

only the flutter of Sarah's white handkerchief waving her sad farewell.

For two years John sailed with the *Adventure* ferrying troops to and from the Colonies. It was adventure indeed, for this young Scot who had never before sailed into the New World. He saw the lush green of tropical isles rising from the blue Carribean before steaming north to the bleak shores of Nova Scotia. One trip took him to the steaming jungles of West Africa's gold coast. Happily, between voyages, John could spend several months with Sarah Ella.

During one of these voyages John wrote in his diary, "Tonight I have found peace with God. Of course I was brought up a Christian and went regularly to church. An Evangelist convinced me of sin and I began to struggle against it. But it was my own strength I relied on, and I made no progress. Tonight, whilst on watch in the engine room, pacing to and fro, the thought came to me, Why not take Him at His word? 'Cast thy burden on the Lord.' Now I feel that I can always trust Him. 'For I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day'. 2 Timothy 1:12."

In 1864 the *Adventure* was commissioned to China for three years. John could hardly bear the thought—three years away from his young wife! And what of her? If only Sarah Ella had a child to love and to care for while John was away. But



all her yearning for motherhood had brought only frustration.

Now there was nothing for Sarah to do but to return to her father's house where, 'because of her mother's protracted illness, she must help the old housekeeper to look after her father and brothers. Since Sarah's marriage, the Coombes family had moved from Gosport up north to the sea-port town of Hartlepool. For a time Sarah Ella considered herself a complete martyr marooned in this dull town, far from her girlhood friends.

When the postman brought her first allotment check from John, Sarah realized how silly her martyr pose had been. This money was all hers and she could spend it as she pleased. By now all her clothes looked dowdy. She simply had nothing to wear; and there was no use trying to buy anything in the drab little shops in Hartlepool. So she took the first stage coach leaving next morning for Stockton on Tees. In this lively and prosperous town the drapers and milliners knew their business, and, so they said, got their styles straight from Paris.

Late afternoon found a tired but happy young woman leaning against the soft, plum-colored cushions of the afternoon coach bound for home. Her arms were filled with mysterious bundles and, as the coach lurched and swayed and the horses sped swiftly on their way, she thought of all the pretty new clothes she had bought. At the milliners she had acquired one of those small but

expensive grey hats with rolled brim and magenta ostrich feathers drooping gracefully over the back hair. At the drapers she had bought twelve yards of striped brown and white foulard silk for a frock. Then she had found that she simply must have one of those Garibaldi blouses just coming into fashion. Sarah chose a magenta one. That color was high style this season. It would look wonderful with her grey skirt and new grey hat with the magenta plumes. Besides, she knew that this color, so trying to sallow complexions, made her pale, flawless skin look even more pearly in its whiteness.

Even the town of Hartlepool seemed less dismal as the season advanced and Sarah Ella found other young folks who liked good times. There were trips to the Fair, picnics on fine days, and parties aplenty among the younger set that scorned the warnings of their elders that hell yawned beneath the feet of those who lived for pleasure.

John wrote Sarah every week as regular as the clock. Sometimes the writing was hard to read if his ship was tossing in a storm. Sometimes the letter was brief—he was having trouble with the engines. But the letters always arrived with the mail packet. One week there was no letter. Sarah haunted the post office day after day. No letter. Depression settled down upon her like a dark cloud blinding her to everything about her.

One night she awoke trembling like a leaf, screaming out that John was lost—lost. She had



seen his ship in her dream. It was foundering in a stormy sea. Sarah's father, frantic with worry, tried to calm her. But there was no sleep for any of them that night. Next day Sarah sat for hours staring at nothing. Late afternoon she suddenly sprang up and said she was going for a walk.

Hours later her brother, Sam, found her wandering along the wild, precipitous sea coast where the lashing of the waves had worn caverns in the jagged rocks below. Sarah had lost her scarf and her blonde hair was disheveled and streaming in the wild wind. For once, even Sam was frightened as Sarah fell half fainting into his arms. "Sarah, my lass, Sarah!" was all he could say as he carried her to his carriage waiting on the road along the sea wall. The booming of the breakers thundered in his ears, and Sam tried not to think of the dark, seething water below waiting to claim desperate souls who had lost all hope of happiness.

Soon Sarah felt herself wrapped in Sam's warm carriage robe, and gratefully partaking of a draught from his brandy flask. "Thank you, Sam," she gasped. "I made a fool of myself, and I must look a sight."

Sam was glad that darkness was falling. No one need see his sister riding through town without her scarf or hat and her hair streaming in the night wind.

Next day John's letter came. Now Sarah was on top of the world. After all she might as well accept an invitation to a party at Stockton on



Tees. She would wear her new dress of foulard silk with its enormous hoops—so wide it was difficult to get into a stage coach. But it did make her waist look unbelievably tiny. She would appear in her new hat with the magenta plumes, and her elegant new cloak with fur trim.

She dressed herself with care, calling in the old housekeeper to lace her stays for her. Her blonde hair was curled, and her hat placed at a jaunty angle. All was ready and, in a few minutes her friends would call for her in their landeau. She turned for a last look in the mirror, but her eyes fell upon the precious letter from John and she caught it to her breast. Ah, she could touch the letter! But when would she feel again the warmth of the dear hand that wrote it? “What is life worth without him?” she asked herself.

A feeling of stark loneliness came upon her—loneliness and dark depression. What was she doing all dressed up like a peacock when her heart was breaking? She couldn’t go to the party feeling like this. Weeping bitterly, she sat before her dressing table with her head in her hands. Suddenly she dashed the tears away and took a tiny key from her purse. The key fitted a carved chest John had sent her from China. Opening the cabinet, she took out a flask and put it to her lips. One had to find solace in times like this—something to ease the pain of a heart that is hopelessly yearning. When the doorbell rang, she met her friends with bright eyes and a smile, and her

plumed hat set at a jaunty angle.

The changing moods of Sarah Ella's nature were not a matter of petulance but rather a reaction from her childhood experiences. Her strict, Victorian upbringing had failed to give her either self reliance or resourcefulness. Being a girl, she had never been required to give serious thought to her education and as a result, her schooling was of the sketchiest nature and never sufficed to give her a taste for either reading, art or music. At the same time, as a child she was required to dress in drab and sombre attire as became a good Wesleyan whose adorning should be "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit." This created such a longing in the young girl's heart for jewels and fine furbelows that she took an almost childish delight in the beautiful clothes that John's liberal allowance enabled her to buy. Now that John was at sea, the dressing up and the gay parties helped to fill the vacuum of her empty days.

Meanwhile the sea-going ship, *Adventure*, continued to cruise in oriental waters with the rest of Her Majesty's Fleet guarding the outposts of Empire, and giving every sea port in China an opportunity to see the might of the Royal Navy. Then, at long last, the three years commission was ended. The crew of the *Adventure* was paid off in Hong Kong and waited there for a ship to carry it home.

Suddenly news came that Chinese pirates were capturing and burning ships off the coast of



Hainan. At the request of the Chinese government, British gunboats were to be sent out to capture them. Engineer John P. Dunlop was one of those commissioned for that duty; and well he knew the danger that lay ahead in the fulfilment of that duty. For years the mouth of the Canton River had swarmed with pirates. Right here in Hong Kong, which was always full of scoundrels, were hatched many of the plots of the pirates later perpetrated on the high seas. John Dunlop wondered if he was destined to join the number of gallant seamen already murdered by the villians who sailed under the black flag of piracy.

John had heard the account of the "most bare-faced bit of piracy ever perpetrated in the China seas," as told by Admiral Dundas himself. The plan of the pirates was to capture one of the British-owned, China coast steamers on her way up the coast. Fifteen or more pirates had secured passage forward and had mingled, unsuspected among the harmless natives on board. When the steamer reached Predro Blanco Rock, where co-operating pirate junks were stationed, the pirates on board the steamer murdered the captain and took command of the ship. The ship's course was then altered to take her out of the track of other vessels. The pirate junks were called along side and the ship's cargo transferred to them; whereupon the pirates disappeared into the night with their spoil.

This outrage caused a great clamor. Strong



representations were made by the British to the Viceroy at Canton to deal with the pirates. After a long delay seventeen pirates were captured and sent down to Kowloon City, near Hong Kong to be executed by the Chinese authorities to appease the British. The criminals were unloaded from two Chinese gunboats anchored in Kowloon harbor. Kneeling on the beach with their hands tied behind them, they awaited execution.

The mandarin, in full dress, accompanied by his guard, came forward and read the charge and sentence. Then the executioner proceeded with the ghastly work of beheading the prisoners. The executioner took a fresh sword after every third, blow, and practically made a clean cut each time. The whole thing was over in ten minutes, and seventeen heads lay on the sand. The bodies of the pirates were buried. But their heads were collected in baskets and, in a few days, hung up in little square cages on a line with the usual notices attached, stating why these heads had been removed from their owners. Thus seventeen pirates paid the supreme penalty for their crimes.

It was of the hundreds of pirate crews still abroad in the China seas that John Dunlop was thinking as the British gunboats steamed southward into dangerous waters. Soon John found himself confronted by a hazard more real than menacing pirates. The boilers on his own gunboat began to leak sending out jets of scalding water into the boiler room. Never were steam gauges

watched more carefully. The problem was to get up enough steam pressure to keep the engines turning without putting on too much and blowing up the boilers. What with the leaky boilers and the tropical heat of the South China Sea, John felt almost parboiled by the time he got to Hainan, where they laid to for repairs.

The weather was calm and the sea like glass. One day the pirate junks were sighted out on the horizon. The junks were drifting before the wind, their red sails gleaming in the sun. The British gunboats approached swiftly under full steam, their big guns blazing. For once the pirates were caught off guard. Some of the junks hoisted sail and tried to escape while others left their ships and took to their boats, trying for the shore. The Britishers then boarded the deserted junks and plundered them. Each man for himself. Wounded Chinese were brought back to the gunboats as prisoners and then the junks burned.

John Dunlop returned with the expedition to Hongkong, only to find that the ship that was to have taken him home to England had sailed the day before. Disappointed and dismayed John thought of Sarah anxiously awaiting him in England. He had written to tell her that he would be home in a month or two. How could he disappoint her now after three years of separation? He knew he would be kept at the China base until another Navy Cruiser was due to return to England. It might be six months. So John wrote to



the Commodore stating his case and asking permission to sail on the next mail steamer bound for England. He also offered to pay his own fare amounting to \$500.

In two weeks John joyfully set sail on the steamer, Ajax. The voyage was a pleasant one with splendid accommodations and good company. The route lay around the Cape of Good Hope and took seventy-five days, John arriving in London on September 1, 1867. He was given a furlough of six weeks and directed to join the Steam Reserve again at Portsmouth. The \$500 passage money was refunded to him.

The passengers on the Ajax were so pleased with their trip that they had a silver loving cup made in London for the Captain. The following inscription was engraved on the cup, "Presented by the passengers to Alexander Kidd, Commander S. S. Ajax, in remembrance of a pleasant voyage of 75 days from Shanghai to England." Then the cup was photographed and copies sent to all the passengers.

After reporting to Woolwich, John sent a telegram to Sarah telling her that he would arrive in Hartlepool on Friday, September 6. Next day John wrote in his diary, "I arrived at the house safe at 7 a.m. As Sarah expected me at nine I found her still in her everyday dress. She looked thin and pale but otherwise not much altered. We were happy. Father Coombes and Johnny glad to see me and thought I looked none the



worse for China. Thus began our holidays.”

Weeks later John wrote in his diary again, “The first fortnight spent in Hartlepool, she had her household tasks to do so that we rarely got out before noon. But I stood by her hindering her all the time. Then we walked to Seaton-on-the-sands, (a sea-side resort over five miles away) or in the country. The second fortnight we went to Scotland and saw our friends there. Being in furnished lodgings, Sarah had no work to do but our evenings were all taken up with tea drinking with our numerous relatives and friends. Visiting all these people kept us in Glasgow all the time except a visit to Barrhead. The time soon came for packing up and going away, and on Monday, October 14, at 6 a.m. we left Hartlepool and all our friends there. Got to Portsmouth that night and next day found lodgings.

“On Wednesday reported myself and got a ship-keeping job on board the Hector where, (October 23, 1867) I write this beginning of a new log. Where will it be ended? We have a good deal of each others company and are very happy though we have our tiffs at times. In spite of my generous allowance to Sarah, she always manages to get herself in debt whilst I am away. This is one cause of discord. As for our hopes for a child, they were very strong. But she had a miscarriage five days ago, so I fear there is no chance. I am writing this early in the morning as I have to board the ship at six o'clock.”

If John had known the history of the Coombes family he might have better understood his lady of moods. Just the antithesis of the calm Dunlops, always riding on an even keel, were the fiery, high-strung Coombes with their nerves taut as the strings of Sam's own violin.



## CHAPTER VI

John Coombes was so proud of his titian-haired wife, Clarissa, that he thought her beauty should be preserved for future generations. So he engaged a famous artist to paint a portrait of her in oils. The young matron posed in her blue taffeta gown with its enormous puffed sleeves and wide, full skirt gathered into a band below the tight-fitting bodice. The kerchief concealing her bosom and the cap above her bright hair were of the sheerest white muslin. Her blue eyes matched the shade of her dress and her lips were faintly smiling.

The Coombes family lived on the Isle of Wight, that charming summer-resort island across the Sound from the great sea-port town of Southampton. John and Clarissa had one son, Walter, two years of age. John Coombes was a boot and shoe manufacturer who owned and operated his own factory. He was a master craftsman himself and took pride in the perfect workmanship that went into his hand-made boots and shoes.



Clarissa was twenty four years of age the Spring that she posed for her portrait. In the Autumn her second son, Samuel Wesley Coombes was born, September 5, 1833. Sam was a tiny, blue-eyed mite with a pert, tip-tilted nose. In due time, another son, John was born; then a lovely, blonde baby girl, Sarah Ella, who became the idol of her mother's eye and the spoiled darling of her three big brothers.

None of the children had much schooling. Sarah Ella, being a girl, was never required to think seriously of her education, and Sam, at the age of twelve, was already learning the boot-making trade in his father's factory. Sam and his brothers were also amateur musicians. In their spare time they played and sang the popular tunes of the day, such as, "Private Tommy Atkins," and "Blow, Ye Winds, Heigh-ho" and "Pop Goes the Weasel." Sam made them lively with his fiddle while Walter played the harp and John Junior sang. Sometimes when their stern, Wesleyan father was out of earshot, the boys liked to sing a ribald but amusing ditty about "Three West Countrymen."

Sam hated the boredom of a boot-maker's life. He loved to haunt the docks, where white winged ships lay at anchor, and listen to brawny sailors with gold rings in their ears telling tall tales of far off lands and strange peoples. How Sam longed for the day when he could sail away on a voyage of mystery and adventure!

Sam was only twelve, and small for his age, when he found out that a cargo ship in the merchant marine was without a musician. The ship could not put to sea without a fiddler to play chanteys for hoisting sails and loading cargo. "I'm their man," said little Sam to himself. Taking his fiddle in its old green bag, he went to interview the Skipper.

The Skipper smiled as he looked down at the lad with the blue eyes and curly blond hair. "And what would a child like you be doing at sea?" he asked.

"I'm a musician," answered Sam. Quick as a wink he had the fiddle out of the green bag and was playing the chantey—tapping out the rythm with a small foot,

"Haul on the bowlin,' Our bully ship's a-rollin'!  
Haul on the bowlin,' The bowlin' haul!"

"Well done, my lad," said the Skipper laughing and clapping Sam on the back with a huge hand. "But you're a deal too young for a freighter's crew—a rough life it is."

Nothing daunted, Sam persuaded the Skipper to see his parents and gain their consent. No one could long resist the combination of boldness and charm that was Sam Coombes. So at the age of twelve, he shipped out on the schooner Malabar bound for the East Indies. The sea-chest that had been round the Cape of Good Hope with Sam's grandfather was now carried down to the dock on his father's shoulders.



Sam looked back once at his beautiful mother standing in the doorway of their white cottage with little Sarah Ella clinging to her skirts. That was the last time Sam was to see his mother for three long years.

It was time to hoist the sails and put to sea. When Sam took his station with fiddle under his chin, a great shout of laughter went up from the sailors. What was such a curly-headed bit of a lad to do at sea? Then Sam's fiddle sprang to life in, "Blow the Man Down." Sam had rhythm. Soon all on board knew that Sam Coombes was made of steel and fire. In storm and sunshine, it was Sam who kept the crew from boredom and violence. He took everything in his stride—from weevils in the ship's biscuits to scarcity of water when the Malabar lay in the doldrums.

Sam signed up as a ship's musician and cabin boy. His wages were to be five pounds for the first year, six pounds for the second and seven pounds for the third. His three year's pay would amount to eighteen pounds or about \$90.00. Most of his wages had to go for shoes and his blue jackets and trousers.

Sam's letters were a long time in reaching the home folks. His mother, hoping and praying that all was well with her boy, could not help thinking of the ships that sailed away into the unknown and were never heard of again. It was well that she did not know the true state of affairs in the Merchant Marine. Ship-owners carried heavy



insurance and ships were never discarded. Even when rotten and unseaworthy, they were sent out again and again, heavily insured, until, some winter night in a brawling storm, rotten timbers groaning and creaking, burst asunder. There would be the desperate order, "All hands at the Pumps!"—the men toiling with straining muscles and laboring breath, until the dying ship foundered in the furious sea with all souls lost.

Months later, at Lloyd's in London, a bell would be tolled for a ship long overdue. The shipowner would collect the insurance and the weeping widows and orphans were told, "No survivors!"

Sam Coombes did not keep a diary of his voyages. But another boy sailing in the British Merchant Marine at the same time and over the same routes, wrote an interesting account of his adventures.

This boy, James Benson, from Westmorland in North West England describes himself thus when he first set out to sea, "I was 14 years of age, nearly 4 feet 11 inches tall and stout made." In his delicate Spencerian handwriting, James wrote of his voyage aboard the schooner, "Australia," which was chartered by T. Ripley and Company to go to Batavia and Manila. The vessel sailed from Liverpool with a full cargo, Sunday, October 24, and arrived in Batavia December 28, after a voyage of 65 days.

James Benson wrote, "We staid ten days in Batavia and from thense went to Sourabaya, took

a cargo of rice there and sailed for Linton Island on the S. E. Coast of China. Here we discharged our Rice and took on 3000 chests of Cassia (cinnamon), and sailed for Manilla, a Spanish port on the West side of the Island of Luzon, one of the Phillipine Islands. Here we discharged 1500 chests of Cassia and our ballast, and took in about 8000 Bags of Sugar. Then we sailed toward home, for Cowes in the Isle of Wight. After leaving Manilla we made our way south through the Celebes Sea to the Java Sea. We called at Anger, a small village on the West Coast of Java where we took on fresh provisions, poultry, fruit, etc. and ran down to a nearby island to take on water.

“Here we had the South East Trade Wind right against us, for the watering place was right to windward. After beating against the wind for 7 or 8 hours without making any progress, we squared the yards and steer'd Homeward. Our vessel, being none of the smartest and heavily laden, she made very slow progress indeed beating up a Narrow Channel. We now made the best of our way toward England across the Indian Ocean, through the Mozambique Channel with what water we had. We passed the Cape of Good Hope, St. Helena, and were about crossing the Equator and our water was far exhausted. We were now obliged to catch what water we could when it rained. Our stock was so far exhausted that we had not enough to serve more than half the way to England.



“My Religious feelings at this time were just in the old track that I had been brought up to, but still I did not forget to pray unto God when I had an opportunity. The fears of all hands were at this time wrought up to a very high degree, on account of our water; for we did not receive the Rains we were expecting to replenish our stock with. Our allowance was now reduced to 2 quarts per diem per man, with every prospect of it being still less. And any man who has been at sea on a long voyage and living upon dry food, such as Hard Coarse Biscuit and Salt Beef, well knows how far 2 quarts will go to make him Coffee twice a day and soup once, besides what he drinks when he is thirsty at other times; especially in such a climate as the very middle of the torrid zone.

“My thoughts were much perplexed at this time as I saw the Consequence that would follow, for I knew that if we did not receive rain from the Heavens, it would be hard times before we could reach any port. For we were now in that part of the Atlantic Ocean known by Mariners as the “Variables,” that is a place between the N. E. and S. E. Trade Winds, and it generally abounds with long Calms, light winds, and frequent Squalls that are blowing Promiscuously from all points of the Horizon.

“I now determined that I would pray unto God for to send Rain. This I did for several nights



successively and, at last, Providence began to favour us. One night in the first watch, viz. between 8 and 12 o'clock, it began to Rain and continued until 7 o'clock next morning, the Rain falling faster as daylight advanced. During this time the Watch were employed in catching Rain Water and filling all the casks we could get at below, and everything that would hold Water on deck; and we filled everything full that we could conveniently get at. As soon as we had finished the Rain ceased; but what made it the more favourable, it was perfect Calm until the Rain was all over, but as soon as the Rain ceased, we had a Squall from the East which terminated in a gentle breeze, and we steer'd on toward old England having abundance of Water the rest of the Passage.

There was nothing very remarkable occurred during our Passage across the N. E. Trade Winds, or from there until we came to the Mouth of the Channel where we met with a long spell of Easterly Winds which greatly prolonged our Passage. However on the morning of the 25th of December, we made St. Agnes light on one of the Scilly Islands and, a few days after, we arrived at Cowes on the Isle of Wight and from there sailed for Liverpool.

“During the ship's stay in Liverpool I did not get the privilege of going home to see my parents who lived about 80 miles distant. So my mother came to Liverpool and staid a week. When in

Liverpool I contrived to buy me a small book on Navigation called, "The Seaman's Daily Assistant," for which I paid 5 shillings. I thought it would serve until I could get a more Complete Work. For cash at this time was nearly always at low-water-mark in my pocket. I had no money but my yearly salary, (about \$30) which nearly all went for Clothing and Shoes and my Boarding wages, 9 shillings per week, which I paid for Board.

"The house where I boarded was a public-house much frequented by seamen, who for the most part came from Unverton near where I had been raised. Here I was, without any Father or Mother or any kind friend to look after me, exposed amongst young men who were drinking in the poisonous draught and playing cards, some or other of them every night. But thanks be to Almighty God who through His Providence bore me far above all these temptations. For, though I had no money and could not have purchased drink myself, yet the sailors would have given me more than I could drink.

"But I always avoided their company and, after supper, would either take a walk through the town or go to a Religious meeting, or else to the Reading Room connected with the Mariner's Church where there was a good Library of Books and good lights, free for the Seamen or anyone else who might wish to go. The Books were Histories, Travels, Voyages, Biographies, Navigation

and all kinds of Religious Books that were in accordance with the Church of England Faith.

“Here I spent many evenings talking over my voyage etc. to an old Man-of-War’s man and his wife who kept the Room; and likewise him relating a part of his adventures to me. And I will assure you that the tales of the old veteran fell with such grandeur, richness and glorious sounds upon my ears that I was always pleased with his company; and, as he was a Religious man, his conversation was purely chaste and virtuous, and not like a great many Sailors, (Sorry I am to say it) given to relating loose, wild, indecent and blasphemous stories, nor yet swearing.”

Samuel Coombes, too, sailed again and again from Liverpool to the South Seas and home around the Cape of Good Hope. Perhaps Sam and James might have been shipmates in the early '50's before the Crimean War. They would have been good friends, for Sam was just such a lad as James Benson in that he was brought up by godly parents in the Wesleyan Methodist Faith and early learned to shun the evils of drink and kindred sins. Sam was a studious lad too. During his voyages he studied to become a purser.

There was plenty of hard work aboard the sailing ships, and the sailors had an old saying,

“Six days shalt thou labor and do more than thou art able,  
And on the seventh, holystone the deck and black the cable.”



Yet in those days of masts and yards it was not all hard work and rough sailing. Many an evening impromptu concerts were got up when the weather was favorable. Sam Coombes with some of his shipmates would meet together in a quiet spot near the lee gangway. Sam would begin to play his fiddle and his friends to sing a song which would draw in most of the men who were not in their hammocks—the lads sitting on coils of rope. Some nights there was not a cloud in the sky and the firmament was filled with twinkling stars, while the white sails bellied out to the steady trade wind that wafted the good ship onward in her course. All was still except for the music and the rush of water along the lee side as the vessel heeled over easily to the breeze.

“White wings that never grow weary;  
I’ll spread out my white wings, and sail home  
to thee.”

These lads pitied the men who had to serve in “smoke Jacks” as the vessels with auxiliary engines were called. The sailors feared that the beauty and poetry of sailing ships was forever leaving them. Many in later years sighed, “Give me back the white wings, and let me be a sailor once again before I die.”

Time sped on, and Sam Coombes was purser of his ship when the Crimean War burst upon his world. After forty years of peace, Britain declared war—a war for which she was unprepared—on Russia. A fleet was gathered together under the

leadership of Admiral Sir Charles Napier, crews being hastily recruited from navvies and laborers and old riggers, veterans of the Napoleonic Wars. Old and young responded heartily, going straight from their warm cottages to service in the frigid Baltic. Even before the Fleet set sail, cholera was raging among the crews. Finally they put to sea hoping that the ocean breezes would blow the cholera away.

Merchant Marine vessels were used as transports to carry troops and supplies. Sam Coombes was with the fleet anchored in the Bay north of the city of Sebastopol during the bombardment of the City. When the return fire of the fortress guns set his ship ablaze, Sam and the rest of the crew were rescued and taken prisoner by the Russians.

For once Sam's bright spirits were quenched. The dark, filthy prison, the vermin and rats, the hard, black bread, were too much for the English. They all became ill with dysentery. Then Sam Coombes had a bright idea. When the Russians had searched the crew, Sam had somehow managed to save the ship's money and hide it. Now it was put to good use. Gold sovereigns in the hand of the jailor brought forth white bread, tea and good boiled ham. There still remained the problem of entertainment to while away the boredom of prison life. Sam's fiddle had been confiscated. More gold in the hand of the jailor produced a new fiddle. Soon lively strains issued from the gloom of the prison corridors,





CLARISSA COOMBES

Born 1809

Mother of  
SAMUEL W. COOMBES

SAMUEL AND ELIZABETH  
COOMBES  
AND DAUGHTER EMILY







“Up and down the City street, In and out the  
Eagle,  
That’s the way the money goes, Pop goes the  
Weasel!”

The grim walls seemed to vanish, and the British lads could imagine themselves once again in good old London Town at the Eagle Inn with its gay music and bright lights, and beer and fish and chips; and other delicacies dear to the heart of sailors.

At last the War was ended with Britain the victor. Sam and his shipmates were liberated and sailed for England. Worn and nerve-wracked, Sam went to Nettleton, a quiet village in Lincolnshire, to spend a much needed furlough with relatives.

In the morning it was pleasant to awake to the sound of linnets in the elm trees outside the windows instead of the tumult of the sea and the wind screeching in the sails—to the lowing of cattle instead of the booming of cannon.

It was the first of May, 1857. The young folks of Nettleton were having a May Day picnic, and Sam was invited to go along. First there was a hayride along the quiet Lincolnshire lanes bordered with flowering hedgerows. Swallows skimmed over the brook beside the road where alder trees trailed their green branches in the water.

Sam Coombes might have felt strange among these North Country folk with their quaint ways of speech, so different from the Southern accent

on the Isle of Wight. But he was now a War Veteran wearing proudly the Sebastopol Medal, and he felt himself a man of the world. With his usual bold friendliness, he entered into the gaiety of the occasion. There were many buxom lassies with rosy cheeks and nimble feet dancing the Maypole dance. Out of the corners of their bright eyes, they looked admiringly at Sam in his blue uniform with his cap set rakishly atop his blond curls.

He saw one lass who was different—Lizzie Watson, tall and slender with a red sash around the waist of her white dress, and a garland of daisies in her dark hair. Sam shouldered the North Country lads aside and wooed her all the long summer day. At parting he told her, ‘I’m shipping out again soon. But I’ll be back. Wait for me, Lizzie, you are my lass.’”

“Be off with you sir,” Lizzie said, tossing her dark curls. “Keep your blandishments for your lass in some other port.” And she turned away disdainfully.

Sam’s blue eyes grew serious. “I loved you, my lass,” he said earnestly, “the moment I saw you. And\* if any lad comes between us I will shoot him! Remember that, my girl.”

Sam soon shipped out again on a long voyage. Weeks passed. Then Lizzie Watson received a

\* Conversation in Sam’s exact words as told to his children when relating the scene with his usual gusto.



letter in Sam's erratic handwriting. "....I am rowing five miles in a leaky boat to post this letter, Lizzie, my dear. And one day I'll be back. Mind now, be waiting for me."

Was it possible that Sam was unaware of the competition he faced in suing for the hand of Lizzie Watson? This slender girl with blue eyes and raven hair, and a delicate, aristocratic nose, was the belle of the North Country. Many a young swain was ardently seeking her hand. It was even rumored that the handsome young Earl of Lindsey had become enamored of her. But the girl must have been bewitched. All she could think of was the look in the blue eyes of a certain roving sailor and the way his blue cap set rakishly above his blond curls.

Sam's letters kept coming, then gifts, an embroidered silk shawl, a string of real amber beads, an exquisitely carved chest; then Sam, himself came home to claim Elizabeth for his bride. They were married in the little Wesleyan Chapel at Nettleton, and went to live at Gosport.

Sam Coombes now gave up his sea-faring life and settled down to his father's old trade of making boots and shoes. At first they lived in a little cottage and Lizzie helped in the store. Business prospered and they were able to afford a nurse maid for the little daughter, Emily Amelia, born April 5, 1860. Four years later, little Clara Camellia Coombes was born. Lizzie, being a great reader of romances, gave the names of favorite

heroines to her daughters. Little Clara Camellia lived only eight months. In the midst of her grief, the mother had to attend to the important matter of correct mourning. She would have been regarded as devoid of all natural feeling had she failed to swathe herself in black crepe and heavy veil. Black-bordered mourning cards, beautifully engraved, were sent to friends in remembrance of Clara. The card bore a picture of a woman weeping beneath a willow tree with a funeral wreath in her hand and this verse:

“Rest, happy babe, in heaven above,  
On earth short was thy stay;  
Because the Lord thy soul did love,  
He soon called thee away.”

After the child's death, Lizzie and Sam could not bear to stay in the house that never again would echo with her baby laughter. So they moved up north to Hartlepool and established a business there.

During the following years everything that Sam touched turned to money. He moved his family to Stockton-on-Tees to be nearer his business. He leased Millfield House on fashionable Cranborne Terrace, and furnished it with all the elegance of the Victorian era. Well trained servants staffed the home. Here the eldest son, Charles, was born, then Laura Celina, Esse, Cicely Adelia, another son, Arthur and Marie Fredricka.

Sam's maxim in business was, "Nothing venture, nothing have." Sometimes he plunged too recklessly and lost. But he was soon on his feet again. While his family was growing up, he engaged in several different enterprises, first a Brick yard and later a Biscuit Factory—both of which were widely advertised on large billboards throughout Northern England. Sam was seldom at home, as he was his own traveling salesman.

Later Sam had a paper factory and hired men to pick up wagon loads of rags to turn into paper. Lizzie, in spite of her growing family, kept her eye on the business. Discovering that many good garments came in with the rags, she rented a warehouse, hired women to sort the good clothes from the rags, had the garments mended and cleaned, and sold them at a reasonable price to the poor. During this time her eldest son, Charles, who had finished his schooling and had enjoyed a trip on the Continent, was the bookkeeper for her business. Lizzie was still a dashing beauty. Charles, tall, dark and handsome, resembled his mother, but she was so young looking that many people thought Charles was her husband.

Years before this time, in 1862, Sarah Ella, Sam's sister had married a young ensign in the Royal Navy. His name was John Patterson Dunlop.





## CHAPTER VII

John Dunlop found life pleasant in the Steam Reserve at Portsmouth. Golden days slipped away into nights of enchantment; and John and Sarah wished that Time would stand still in this full springtide of their love so that they might be always together. They lived every shining hour as if it might be their last. One shadow dimmed the brightness of their day—the dread of another long separation.

Sometimes Sarah dreamed of it, and awoke sobbing hysterically. Reaching out her hand she would find John warm and living beside her. Then the terror would subside. But she felt that, never again, could she endure to have him thousands of miles away. Therefore John applied for a home appointment.

After weeks of waiting the letter from the Admiralty came granting John a home station and appointing him to the gunboat, Lark at Banttry. Joyfully John brought the letter home to Sarah. To his dismay, she burst into tears. “You expect me to leave Portsmouth—all my friends—

everything—do you?” she screamed, stamping her foot, “for a dull little town in the South of Ireland. Well....”

“I only did it to please you,” John began helplessly.

“I didn’t ask to go and live among the wild Irish, did I?” she went on, working herself to a passion. “Why they would like as not murder us in our beds....”

John wanted to hear no more of this tirade. He flung his cap on his head and went for a walk. Puzzled and angry himself, he wondered if he would ever understand Sarah Ella and her whims. When he returned, his pretty wife was lying in a darkened room with a handkerchief smelling of eau-de-cologne on her brow.

The gunboat Lark, sister ship to the Lapwing, was to be stationed at Bantry and cruise around the southern coast of Ireland to keep an eye on the turbulent Irish, and to show them that the Royal Navy had its eye on them. John Dunlop was appointed first engineer with a junior engineer and six other men under him. The Lark was about 500 tons burden, 60 horse power, and drew only seven feet of water. She was like a shell floating on the water and her full speed was only eight knots. She was unfit for the stormy seas washing the south coast of Ireland, and when bad weather came on, they made for the nearest anchorage.

At last Sarah became reconciled to the change

of scene, and now came happy times for her and John. They were separated for only short intervals, and when the Lark docked at Bantry, Sarah was there to greet him. On sunny days they went for long walks on the hills. One day Sarah Ella gathered a sprig of fragrant heather and sewed it into the fly leaf of John's diary. Above it she wrote, Bantry, June 1868. It was a memento of their happy days together. Yet even now they were haunted by the dread of another long separation, but they tried to banish their fears by making plans for retiring and living in a pretty cottage in the South of England. They had given up all hope of ever having a child.

A serious drawback to their home life was the fact that they had to live always in furnished lodgings. They had nowhere they could really call home. Sometimes the lodging houses were pleasant places but, more often they were drab and uncomfortable. Sarah spent a good deal of time complaining to John about the meanness of her landladies. She really had little else to take up her mind. Sometimes the Lark docked at Queens-ton or Valentia. Then Sarah would make the exhausting journey around by stagecoach from Bantry and stay with John in whatever lodging they could find at the time.

At Bantry John paid for two sittings in the Wesleyan Chapel, but Sarah was too nervous to sit through the long drawn-out sermons. John liked to attend the theatre when on furlough and



Sarah sometimes reluctantly accompanied him. But her strict Wesleyan upbringing made her feel that the theatre was the Devil's own Workshop. In her idleness Sarah found solace more and more in drinking with other idle women friends. It made her forget her loneliness when John was away.

This state of affairs filled John with horror. He knew to what depths alcohol can sink a woman, and remembered with a shudder the maudlin sluts he had seen hanging about some of the lodging houses. When he spoke to Sarah on the subject she flew into a rage which frightened him into silence. Nevertheless, John had a growing conviction that he should retire from the Navy on what small pension he could get after nine years in service, and get a shore job of some kind so that he could look after Sarah. He no longer expected any wisdom or understanding from her—only the tender love which she always gave him, and which was his very life blood.

In his methodical way, John figured out all the pros and cons in regard to his retirement and wrote them out in a letter to Sarah. To his great surprise she flatly refused to consider such a proposition. On the contrary, she looked forward with pride to the day when he would have the rank of Engineer. So John began to study for his promotion. It meant a stiff examination at the Naval College at Woolwich. Night after night John had to study late, and this infuriated Sarah. "Why

do you sit there all night with your nose in a book?" she asked sharply, "and never pay the least attention to me?" When John looked up from his book, he saw tears in her lovely eyes, and her red lips were pouting like a little girl's. So he had to take her in his arms and study no more that night.

Afterward John wrote in his diary, "I resolve to give in to her in all things which are not of importance and, when I cannot do so, to endeavor rather to persuade than to convince her. Not to argue. Not to read in her presence except she wishes me to. Never to risk a serious difference with her on account of any money affairs."

John had to school himself to calmness which at times he did not feel, for his own nerves were frayed by frequent attacks of neuralgia caused by bad teeth. The only relief was to have the tooth pulled by some fumbling, unskilled practitioner without anything to deaden the pain. Even after the tooth pulling, the neuralgia stayed to plague him for months. John wrote in his diary in 1870, "I feel that I am not very robust. This year, a cold one, I have been much troubled with that which, under various names from toothache to neuralgia, has troubled me all my life."

John's chief concern was always for his beloved Sarah Ella, and he was never really happy when she was out of his sight. In the winter of 1869 he wrote in his diary, "I have reason to thank God that we have been so blessed in worldly matters.



May He take discontent out of my heart when I am far from her and give me courage to bear up against repining; and may He watch over her and keep her in His hands safely." And a little later,

"Sometimes I fear we are getting worldly minded through prosperity. Indeed she cannot bear to talk of religion, and I seldom mention it, confining my efforts to going to the Wesleyan Church about every fortnight. She gave me a fright by having a severe heart spell whilst we were at Bantry. The Doctor said it was brought on by nervousness. I dread the thought of losing her, for old age without her would be cheerless. I am writing this sitting alone by our berth mess stove at 11 p.m. after playing nine games of cribbage with the Captain." (aboard Gunboat Lark)

During John's furloughs he and Sarah made frequent trips to Hartlepool to visit her father and brothers. One winter day following the Christmas holidays, they went to call on Sam and Lizzie Coombes, only to find everyone away but their eldest daughter, Emily, now a girl of ten years. She was crouched over the fire reading a book, but jumped up joyfully to greet Uncle Dunlop, as she called him. He took her cold little hand in his warm clasp and looked down at her white, woe-begone face with the big grey eyes. "What's this, my lass," he asked fondly, noting the tears on her lashes, "crying? Hasn't Father Christmas been good to you?"

"This book pa gave me for Christmas—it



frightens me," she faltered, holding out the little volume.

Uncle Dunlop took it without a word, deliberately sat down and looked it over. The name of the book was, "Holy Dying," illustrated with pictures of good children in pious attitudes on their deathbeds, and other pictures, not so pleasant, of wicked children dying in agony and mortal fear of the Devil and hell's eternal fires.

With a quick motion, Uncle Dunlop flung the book on the fire, where the pages curled and writhed like the pictures of the wicked children. Emily's grey eyes grew wide with dismay. "What will pa do? He . . . ."

"Never say a word about it, Emily dear, nor you either, Sarah," Uncle Dunlop said sternly. "It isn't good for little girls to be scared out of their wits by such books. Remember, now, not a word to anyone. And I'll bring you another book tomorrow." He squeezed her hand again, then he and aunt Sarah Ella were gone.

The little book had burned itself to ashes now. The fire was burning low. But, to Emily, the room seemed warm and pleasant. She sat smiling to herself thinking of her Uncle Dunlop. Somehow, whenever he was near her, she never felt afraid of anything, not even the Devil himself; though it must be sacrilegious even to think such a thing. Uncle Dunlop was so kind and so jolly. He always had interesting tales to tell her and funny jokes. She wondered what the book was that he was to

bring her. Aunt Sarah too, was such a dear, with her pretty face, her stylish clothes, her ear bobs that dangled so bewitchingly in her little ears, and the lovely perfume that still lingered in the room.

The next day Uncle Dunlop brought the new book. It was one just off the press and its sales were sweeping England. The name of it was "Alice in Wonderland." So Emily made the acquaintance of Alice and the White Rabbit and the Mad Hatter and all the delightful people in Wonderland. In fact she quite forgot about his Satanic Majesty until he was called to her immediate attention by the sermon of the Rev. Mr. Scroggins next Sunday morning.



Time on the home appointment was running out. John and Sarah felt the threat of another separation rushing upon them with relentless speed. The day came when John was ordered to Plymouth. Time was up and he was to be paid off. The Inspector then sent him to look after his old ship, the Lark. But when John arrived at the dock, he found a gang of shipwrights tearing up her deck and hoisting out the engines. He could not look on the sight without a bitter pang. The Lark had been his first charge and he had always taken great pride in her; had kept his men busy polishing, painting and repairing. Now she was judged unseaworthy, just junk. "Thus it has been

with much of my work through life," John thought sadly.

However new experiences loomed in the offing. John was assigned to the *Daphne*, a new corvette (wooden warship ranking next below a frigate) being fitted out for foreign service. John's duty was to keep an eye on the workmen and report progress to the Inspector—hours nine to four. It was very pleasant living in the town of Plymouth. But as soon as the ship was ready for sea, a full crew was appointed to her and John was given the position of Second Engineer.

When John received his formal appointment to the *Daphne*, Sarah was terribly upset. Gradually she took a more sensible view of the matter and tried to build up their courage by talking about the end of the three year's commission when John could retire and they could be together for always.

Just then the joyful news came that John had passed his examination at Woolwich which gave him the rank of Engineer instead of Assistant Engineer. Surely this event called for a celebration. So they hired a coach and took a tour around the suburbs of Plymouth stopping on their way home to have their portraits taken at Palmer's studio on Union Street. John wore his new uniform complete with cocked hat, gold epaulettes and sword. Sarah was dressed in her blue taffeta with blouse of fine white India muslin. John had surprised her that morning with the gift of a



brooch and earrings to match. The brooch was a golden chalice supporting stamens of garnets, the earrings, dainty minatures of the brooch. Sarah proudly wore them for her photo. She also wore the necklace of amber beads her brother John had brought her from the South Seas, and her slender gold watch chain.

Their time of parting came without warning. John left as usual for his ship expecting to return home at night. But the *Daphne* was ordered to sail that day, and John was not allowed back on shore to say goodbye. Sarah found out. She hired a boat and was rowed out to the ship while she was still at anchor in the Sound. Sarah was none too soon, for John was down in the engine room getting up steam. He went down into the little boat to kiss her and say goodbye, but stayed only a few minutes for fear they would both break down. Sarah bore up bravely, but the parting seemed like a death—three years—three long years.

The *Daphne* was bound for Bombay passing through the Mediterranean and the newly constructed Suez Canal. John later wrote in his diary,

“The *Daphne* was a good steamer and, being fitted with sails, could on occasion do without steam. But I heartily wished myself back on the old *Lark*. The Captain of the *Daphne* was one of the old school who had little use for steam. He hated to see the black smoke come out of the funnel. It made such a mess on his white decks.

His delight was in drilling the men in setting sails and taking them in again, and he would call the stokers out of the engine room to haul on the ropes. This made me sore."

"The Chief Engineer was an old man, weak and timid, so that he never objected. And I foolishly took up the burden. Of course all I could do was to remonstrate. This made the Captain so angry that he roared out at me, 'Mr. Dunlop, I'd be obliged if you would clear out and mind your own business, young man. You've never been on a Man-of-War before. Now you are—by God, you'll abide by my orders!'"

"This sort of thing went on whilst we cruised about the different ports of the East Indies, from Bombay to Calcutta and Rangoon. It might have resulted in me being tried by Court Martial for an accident to one of the boilers, due to his interference, but happening whilst I was on watch. Fortunately for me, he died of cholera whilst we were on the way from Calcutta to Trincomalee. And I don't know that his loss was regretted by any on board."

Other practices aboard the Man-of--War, John was able to take in his stride. For instance, he never doubted the necessity for the flogging of seamen guilty of crimes such as drunkenness and insubordination. Discipline aboard Her Majesty's ships had to be rigidly maintained at all costs, and a Captain who was lax was held in contempt by his fellow officers and seamen alike.



JOHN AND SARAH DUNLOP  
1871



This portrait was taken at Palmer's Studio in Plymouth. John and Sarah were celebrating his promotion to the rank of Engineer in the Royal Navy. John proudly shows the insignias of his new rank: his sword and cocked hat,, gold epaulettes and gold stripe on the sleeve of his blue broadcloth uniform.

Sarah, as always, is dressed in the height of fashion. In 1866 the reign of crinoline began to decline. Now, in 1871, it is definitely outmoded. Sarah is wearing her blue taffeta gown with its wide skirt trimmed with furbelows, or pleated flounces. Her blouse is of fine white India muslin. Her jewels, gift of her husband, are a gold brooch and pendant earrings to match. She also wears a large string of real amber beads, gift of her brother. The tiny white hat does not hide Sarah's elaborate coiffure of curls close to her head and ringlets falling over her shoulders.





A flogging in the Navy was always carried out with much ceremony. It was held on the quarter deck in the presence of the captain and officers and all the ship's company.

One morning John realized that preparations were going forward for the flogging of a seaman. It was 6:30 a.m. and a fresh breeze was whipping the halyards about. The "Officer's call" and the "Marines fall in" were sounded on the bugle, and the boatswain's mates piped, "All hands to muster on the quarter deck to witness punishment."

First of all the gratings were rigged. These were wooden grating used for temporary covering of the hatches. Three or four of these were upended and lashed to the nettings abreast of the main rigging. To this framework the unfortunate man was to be tied. Just abaft the gratings stood the captain and all the officers, wearing cocked hats and swords. On the opposite side of the deck, the marines were drawn up with fixed bayonets, while, clustered across the deck and round the main-mast, were the ship's company.

The men having been reported all present, the prisoner was brought up from below, stripped to his trousers and fastened to the gratings. Two belts were then placed around him, one to protect his neck, the other to cover the small of his back, leaving about eight to ten inches of his bare back between the padded belts. Close to the prisoner stood the doctor and his assistant, the latter holding a glass of water in his hand. Just behind

them was the master-at-arms who counted the strokes in a solemn voice. Forward of this group were the boatswain's mates, who each gave a dozen strokes in turn, by seniority. The captain read the warrant and then said, "Boatswain's mates, do your duty," on which the senior mate took the cat-o'-nine-tails from the green baize bag and stepped into position.

At first the blows produced only red lines on the white flesh, but before the first dozen was completed, there was a distinct swelling and blood was drawn. John wondered how the boatswain's mates could do it at all, but it was surprising how each one of them laid it on with every ounce of strength he was capable of using. The sufferer was a brave man and stood his punishment splendidly. No cry came from his lips till the second dozen strokes were completed. Then he was given a drink of water.

During the administration of the fourth dozen strokes, the sight became dreadful, and there was a loud clatter as one of the Marine Guard fainted and fell with his rifle and bayonet to the deck. When it was all over, the victim was taken to the sick bay and attended by the doctor. John wondered how the man could stand after such punishment, but he walked forward with a firm step and upright body. Whatever his faults, he was a splendid specimen of British manhood. Two days later he went voluntarily to his duty, and never gave any trouble again.



At Trincomalee, John was transferred to the Admiral's ship, an old wooden frigate named the Glasgow. The Glasgow was a frigate of 3000 tons burden carrying 28 guns, 64 pounders. She was about the last of her class afloat. The engines were old, and in a storm the ship worked like a basket. But she was a comfortable ship and fast under sail. She had made 17 knots under sail alone. As Admiral's ship she visited the principal harbors on the East India Station where the Admiral entertained the leading citizens at parties aboard ship. The Admiral had the credit of putting an end to the slave trade on the East Coast of Africa through a treaty he made with the Sultan of Zanzibar.

At long last, John's three year commission was ended, and the Glasgow set sail for old England. On July 20, 1875, she steamed past the Eddystone Lighthouse into Plymouth Harbor.

All the long journey home John had looked forward to a joyful reunion with his beloved Sarah Ella. But his happiness was tinged with a deep sadness. Never again would he see his dear younger brother, David, for he had died at Aldershot Camp the previous summer leaving his wife, Lucy, with three little children, Jane, Jamie and David Jr.

Lucy returned to Canada to be with her parents. Sarah Ella, longing for a child to care for, and wanting to help her sister-in-law, asked to take Jamie to bring up as her own. The wish was granted, and Jamie Dunlop became a part of the

household.

Now as soon as the Glasgow docked, John rushed up on deck straining his eyes to see Sarah among the crowd. There she was elegant in a black velvet jacket and modish hat with a veil. She was holding little Jamie up in her arms so that John could see him.

John now looked forward to three happy years of a Home Appointment after which he hoped to enjoy that longed for retirement in a cozy cottage in the South of England. He was appointed to duty on a gunboat, the Tyrian, a little larger and faster than the Lark, which was stationed at Queensferry near Edinburgh and cruised about the East Coast of Scotland. Meantime he had studied for and had taken an examination at Woolwich for promotion to Chief Engineer in her Majesty's Royal Navy.

Everything went happily for about eighteen months. Then war broke out between the Russians and the Turks in 1877. The British government, afraid of Russian aggression in the Far East, fitted out a Fleet to sail to Constantinople to keep an eye on them. Again John was forced to say goodbye to Sarah. This time it was war, with all its hideous implications, that separated them. Sarah refused to be comforted. Even the presence of little Jamie did not suffice to dry her bitter tears. In vain John tried to cheer her with phrases used by husbands and lovers since wars first began, "Don't fret, my love. The war will soon be over.



Then we'll be happy together again."

For this expedition, John was appointed Senior Engineer on board a new iron-clad battleship, the *Temeraire*. All the way out on the long voyage, John comforted himself with the thought of a little white cottage in the South of England—with roses blooming in the garden—and all of them, Sarah Ella and little Jamie and himself, happy there together, with nothing ever to part them again. John was happy too that Sarah need no longer be lonely and distraught as in former days, for she had handsome little Jamie to love and care for and to keep her company. Surely all would be well with her now. The black-bordered envelope in his mail at Constantinople therefore found him totally unprepared for its terrible tidings: "this morning your wife died."

There would be no cottage in the tranquil countryside now—not even anyone to come home to. For John, life was veiled by the dark shadow of his loss. Nothing remained to look forward to but a cheerless, childless old age. John wrote in his diary::

"For this on death my wrath I wreak  
That He hath placed our lives so far apart  
We cannot hear each other speak." Tennyson.

John also wrote an original poem:

"Here wandering in the night  
I think of those who loved me once  
Now passed into the light.



They say there is no sorrow there  
No grief or vain regret.  
The thought brings tears into mine eyes.  
O God, can they forget?" J.P.D.

And he wrote on the same page,

"For here we have no continuing city, but we seek for one to come" (Hebrews, chapter 13).

The Russian-Turkish trouble was soon settled, but the Fleet was kept in Constantinople for seven months. Then, in August 1878, John was promoted to Chief Engineer. Sarah had looked forward with joy and pride to this event. Now there was no one to care. Sadly John set sail for Home.



## CHAPTER VIII

Emily Coombes awoke to find the morning sunshine streaming in through her bedroom window. Soft breezes fluttered the white curtains and wafted in the scent of purple lilacs growing beside the garden wall. Today was Emily's birthday, Monday, April 5, 1875, and she was fifteen years of age. Spring was such a lovely time to have a birthday. Even in Hartlepool, on the bleak north coast of England, the bitter winds blasting down from the North Sea had given way to the soft airs of April. Daffodils were flaunting their beauty in the flower beds and looking down upon the humble mignonette and the shy violets in the shade of the old oak tree, where the linnets were twittering about building their nest.

"It was good of dear ma to let me sleep late," Emily thought gratefully. "I was so tired after Sunday night service—too tired and too dreadfully excited to sleep 'till after the clock struck midnight." Now she must hurry and dress. School would begin again today after the Easter holidays.

Emily brushed her dark, wavy hair and parted it in the middle, arranging it in a silken net at the back. Looking into the mirror, Emily didn't even notice her fair complexion and delicate tip-tilted nose. Her wide eyes grew wistful as she realized that she would never be tall and stately like her handsome mother. Still she had a neat little figure; and her new crimson merino frock with its wide skirt and white cuffs and collar, was very becoming.

Emily's father gave her a new hymnbook for a birthday present, but the gift that pleased her most came in the mail from Uncle Dunlop bearing a Chinese stamp. Opening the parcel, Emily found shimmering skeins of embroidery silk in all colors of the rainbow. Never had she seen such delicate shades of pink and blue and mauve and deep cream shading into brown. She must make something really beautiful out of this fairyland of color.

As the days went by Emily found herself caught up in the wave of excitement pouring over the town of Hartlepool. The noted Evangelist, Rev. Mr. King, was coming to hold a series of meetings. No church in town would be large enough to hold the crowds flocking to hear him. So the theatre had to be rented for the purpose.

Emily attended a private school for young ladies where the curriculum included music, drawing and French. Evangelistic meetings were important; but there could be no nonsense about neglecting her lessons. Therefore Emily rose early every



morning to do her home work so as to be able to attend the evening services.

Night after night Emily and Miss Jones, her father's secretary, and sometimes father and mother, joined the eager throngs flocking to the theatre. Here the flaring gaslights, the swelling chorus of Gospel hymns, the voice of the speaker, and the ecstatic responses of the crowd wove a spell of enchantment. Night after night the atmosphere grew more tense as penitents crowded into the inquiry room. Emily stayed on her knees as the hour grew late praying that these precious souls might not be lost in an eternal hell.

One Sunday night Emily's mother said, "Come, dear, I would like to go to service tonight and you might stay home with the children."

The request was reasonable enough. But the words struck Emily like a blow. "Why should I stay home," she screamed, her grey eyes turning to green and her usually soft voice a whiplash of sound. Even a servant girl can go out once on Sunday. I should think I could go out twice!"

Directly the words were out, Emily repented, as she saw the look on her mother's face. Then the girl broke into a fit of wild weeping. "Why do I lose my temper," she sobbed, "and grieve my dear, good mother? How weak and sinful I am."

If she had looked at a recent entry in her own diary, Emily might have better understood herself. She had written, "Tonight I had the inexpressible joy of hearing Mr. King preach. Oh my

heart is indeed full of love and gratitude to God. Tonight I feel as though I could weep all night for joy."

Now this Sunday night that joy was to be denied her.

May 7 was the last meeting of the series. That Friday night feeling rose to a new crescendo. For the last time Emily gazed on the handsome person of the Evangelist, felt the impact of his electric glances, listened to the deep, resonant voice with its overtones of sadness, saw his eloquent hands stretched out in pleading. Small wonder that the girl in her ecstasy of love for the blessed Jesus unconsciously confused him with the alluring person of the Evangelist.

Emily awoke next morning to a world suddenly gone flat and stale. Nervously and physically exhausted after weeks of excitement, the young girl tried in vain to persuade herself that all was as it had always been. The blessed Jesus was ever near to his own. But the ecstasy was gone. Never would she see the Evangelist again. Never—until at last they met in Glory.

The gloomy skies and drizzling rain that darkened her window seemed to deepen the sadness of her heart. She left untasted the breakfast of tea and crumpets her fond mother brought for her to eat in bed. At last she dressed listlessly and began halfheartedly to help her mother with household tasks.

In the afternoon, while Emily was tidying up



her room, a brown paper parcel fell out of her dressing table drawer. The contents spilled out on the floor and lay there like a rainbow in a pool of light—the lovely silks sent her by Uncle Dunlop. As Emily gathered them up she remembered with shame that she had never written to thank him for his gift.

Now the very thought of him, as always, brought a feeling of warmth and gladness. Uncle Dunlop belonged to the Presbyterian Church. Those strange, quiet people—what did they know about joy in the Lord? Yet Uncle Dunlop was never plagued by doubts and fears as she was. He had tried to explain it to her on his last visit. “God is not deaf, my dear, and yet you Methodists do shout so.” Uncle Dunlop’s blue eyes twinkled and he grinned in his friendly way. Then he took her hand and spoke more earnestly. “God is near you now, my dear. All you need to do is forget your feelings, and trust Him.”

He had left a verse with her, “My times are in Thy hand.” Uncle Dunlop had said it with calm assurance. Surely she could at least say it with resignation. She would work the verse into a motto with the silks to let him know she hadn’t forgotten.

Time fled away and Emily came to her sixteenth birthday—and to her seventeenth. But the pattern of her life did not change one iota. The afternoon of her birthday she stayed away from school to do her homework so that she could go with Miss



Jones to the meeting that night. The Evangelist was in town again for one of his Spring series of meetings. The theatre where the service was held was so crowded that Emily and Miss Jones had to stand all during the meeting. Afterward Miss Jones and Emily went into the inquiry room. That night Emily wrote in her diary, "It was like heaven below. Many professed to find rest in Jesus. Dear Miss Jones did not seem to see her way clear. She was so unhappy. So Mr. King took her and auntie into a little vestry room and prayed and reasoned with her for a long time. Now Miss Jones is happy, rejoicing in Jesus."

As Emily read over her diary for the past year she saw that it was filled with reviews of the wonderful sermons she had heard from Evangelist King. Yet with all this opportunity to hear the Gospel, she reproached herself, "Why am I not more concerned over sinners when they are traveling to hell as fast as possible?" "Oh God," she wrote in her diary, "for Christ sake, melt my hard, unchristian heart."

Again Emily prayed for control over her temper that was always flaring up at the slightest provocation. Then horrible doubts would assail her. "Am I really saved myself? Am I truly a child of God?" she would ask herself.

How much easier it would be, she thought sometimes, if she could be a Catholic. That great Church did not leave her people to doubt or to puzzle over doctrine. The great Mother Church decided

everything for her children. Sometimes Emily thought she would like to be a nun living in a dank cell with a stone floor and straw pallet. Here she could scourge herself and fast and pray. Thus she could atone for her sins—her impatience with her brothers and sisters, and above all, her lack of concern for sinners on their way to hell.

Thus Emily broke her spirit on the rack of introspection, while her conscience snooped around in the hidden recesses of her mind searching for evidence of ungodliness, so that it could bring to light some unknown sin to present before the court of her own judgment. Yet evil could not find a place in the heart of one so sensitive to every imperfection in herself, so burning with love for her Savior and so willing to sacrifice everything unworthy of a Christian way of life.

On Good Friday evening, Emily and her girl friend, Lillie Oldfield, Lillie's father, and a young friend, Mr. Winton walked over to Greatham to a service of Evensong. (Greatham was seven miles away.) All the way there Lillie gushed about Mr. Winton and, on the way home, managed to walk by his side, leaving Emily to walk with Mr. Oldfield. That night Emily wrote in her diary, "I felt so comical. I never walked with a gentleman before; but I think that was different from walking about the streets and home from chapel with a boy. I don't."

Easter Sunday after Church, Lillie came up to spend the afternoon with Emily. They quite spoil-



ed the Sunday by talking of nothing else but the picnic on Easter Monday at Black Hall Rocks. It was to be really an event. No wonder they were excited. But on Monday it rained, and the picnic had to be called off. Emily wrote in her diary, "I think it was quite a judgment on us."

June 21, school broke up for the mid-summer holidays. Emily won the prize for the best original poem; and her charcoal drawing of a girl in a riding habit with plumed hat, won honorable mention, yet Emily was not pleased with herself. She yearned to be stylish and clever like her father's glamorous, red-haired secretary, Miss Jones. Emily pictured herself like a drab little sparrow beside the bright plumage of Miss Jones with her voluptuous figure, and tiny waist, and above all her gorgeous hair that actually gave off sparks when she brushed it in a dark room.

Emily wished that she could return to school again in the Fall. She loved her art studies and her music. Already she was an accomplished pianist, interpreting the classics with rare skill and feeling. But the younger children were getting to be too much for her mother, Miss Best, the governess, having left. Fortunately Charlie had been packed off to Boarding School after having thrown an ink bottle at the governess. There were still Laura, Essie, Cicely and little Arthur. Because she was the eldest daughter, Emily felt it her duty to stay at home and take the place of a nursery governess. Her father was going through one of



his business reverses and did not see his way clear to employ a new governess.

Lizzie Coombes was looking worn and thin these days, what with financial worries and the fact that she was expecting another child. So Emily began to teach her sisters and little brother at home. Mrs. Henderson, a friend of the family, asked that her daughter, Elizabeth, be enrolled in Emily's school also. They accepted the girl and charged 15 shillings per quarter. (about \$3.65) Later another boy and girl were enrolled on the same terms.

Emily continued to take drawing lessons at the School of Art and also kept up her piano practice. When dark moods came over her, she played softly to herself until the clouds lifted and peace came to her troubled soul.

Christmas came and went and, on a dark January morning, little Lizzie Marie Fredricka Coombes was born.

Samuel Coombes had now started on a new enterprise and was doing well in the wholesale manufacture of Dog Biscuits. The house at Hartlepool had become too small for the growing family and it was thought best to move to the flourishing town of Stockton-on-Tees where the business was located. Millfield House, a beautiful and spacious residence on fashionable Cranborne Terrace, was leased; and the family moved up a notch in society.

Uncle Dunlop had gone to China on a three year's commission, and his beautiful wife, Sarah,

was grieving herself to death for sheer loneliness. Her health was failing and she was scarcely able to care for little Jamie Dunlop left in her keeping. Thus Samuel and Lizzie felt it imperative that she come to them for care, thinking that the company of young folks might cheer and comfort her. But Sarah continued to have spells of heart failure.

Emily was now jarred out of her moods of introspection. Day and night she prayed that the beautiful Sarah might be spared. She could not conceive of good, kindly Uncle Dunlop being dealt such a cruel blow as to lose his wife. All in vain were the prayers and the loving ministrations. Sarah continued to fade to a thin shadow. Heart attacks became more frequent until, on a bleak day, January 22, 1878, her lonely, tired heart ceased to beat.

In the upsurge of grief that engulfed the family, little Jamie Dunlop was forgotten. One day Emily found him huddled in a corner of his room sobbing his heart out. "Who will be my mama now?" he asked piteously, tears running down his little cheeks.

Emily took his cold little hand and led him into her own room. Holding him on her lap before the cheery fire, she warmed and comforted him. A feeling of compassion filled her heart for this child and for Uncle Dunlop, so soon to return to an empty hearth. Her eyes glanced upward to the motto hanging over the mantel—the one she had worked with the exquisite silks Uncle Dunlop had



EMILY A. COOMBES

Photograph taken in 1878  
at the age of eighteen.

The motto shown below  
was embroidered by her in  
silk and not photographed  
until just before printing  
this book.







sent her—"My Times are in Thy Hand "

Could Uncle Dunlop believe that now when such deep and bitter grief had overtaken him? Yes, she believed his faith was strong enough even for that. He himself had taught her the hymn taken from that verse,

"My times are in Thy Hand, My God, I wish them there.

A Father's Hand should never cause His child a needless tear."

From that day on, little Jamie clung to Emily and she made him her special charge. Jamie was all that Uncle Dunlop had now and she would care for the little lad until her uncle came home from China.

Another Springtime came to Northern England bringing with it Emily's eighteenth birthday. Still she was pursued by doubts and fears. In her diary she wrote, "I think it does me good to write in my diary, for when I write my doubts and fears down, and have them so I can see them better than when they are chasing one another through my mind, I seem as if a cloud was taken from before me, and I have a more intense longing to be holy and Christlike. I hope to begin afresh tomorrow and be more patient and gentle with my brothers and sisters."

In the three years of Emily's life, from fifteen to eighteen years of age, she faithfully kept a diary. In all that time there was no mention of any young man, except the Evangelist. That is to

say, Emily never had a beau. Her outward manner was aloof and nun-like. Inwardly she was frightened and lonely as she saw the bleak years ahead. Their sameness, their utter dreariness appalled her.

In August Uncle Dunlop returned to England and came to Stockton-on-Tees to see his little nephew, Jamie Dunlop. As always, Emily felt warmed and comforted by his very presence. One day he came with a gift, an elegantly bound volume entitled, "Things a Lady Would Like to Know." On the fly-leaf he had inscribed in his precise, copper-plate writing, "Presented to Emily Amelia Coombes by her friend, John Dunlop, September 1878."

Emily looked at the book with its beautiful blue and gold binding, and at the handsome man who had made her so gracious a gift. John Dunlop, a friend. Truly he was a friend, the only one, so she thought, who had ever tried to understand her. A thrill of happiness filled her lonely heart. Here was a greater gift than even the book—the gift of friendship from one she already respected and admired.

When Emily was alone in her room, she examined the book. There were menus and receipts for every month of the year, with especial attention to the use of fruits and vegetables in season. Every sort of vegetable was listed from artichokes and asparagus to lettuce, peas and parsnips. There seemed to be everything in the book—chapters on



Gardening, Traveling, Accidents and Slight Derangements, Hints for the Angels of our Households, Chiefly as touching Deportment and Conduct in Life. Lastly, a Guide for Prayer.

Turning the pages Emily came to a paragraph headed, "Duties of a Young Wife." Just out of curiosity she read it.

"Among the minor virtues which tend to cement the bond of conjugal affection, the Christian female must not overlook that of personal neatness and self-respect. Rely not too much on the rights of relationship, however intimate the connection may be, and however endearing it ought to be. In preserving and keeping alive attachment, you must not absolutely depend upon the impressions that awakened it. A woman is not to presume on the certainty of homage, regardless of an attention to her manners. She is not, as soon as she has stepped over the threshold of marriage, to drop the delicacy, the decencies, the engaging appearance, by which she has attracted her lover. What attraction can there be in negligence, disorder, slovenliness? A disregard of propriety, and especially neatness of apparel, is, in a female, a fault that nothing can expiate. Even religion will not excuse it.

"When a husband comes home, wearied with the labours and harassments of the day, he ought to find at home a comfortable fireside, and an intelligent and cheerful companion ready to receive and entertain him. That you may be well qualified to discharge this pleasing part of con-

jugal duty, it will be your wisdom to keep your attention alive through the day. Endeavor to inform your mind on subjects in which you know your husband takes an interest. In the course of your reading, mark a passage that you think will please him, or one that is not perfectly intelligible to yourself at first view, but on which you think he can give you information. Shun the real indolence and affected humility of saying, 'Ah! it is all above my understanding. My husband is so learned, it is of no use for me to pretend to converse with him.' The same exercise of attention and energy that enables a woman to run down that incessant string of tattle and nonsense, which is justly the abhorrence of a sensible man, well directed, would abundantly qualify her to join him in rational and improving conversation, at least as a humble learner; and in that capacity she would be neither contemptible, nor disgusting, nor uninteresting in the eyes of a man of sense and benevolence. Most men of that character would esteem it an agreeable recreation from severer pursuits, playfully to impart the rudiments of knowledge to a docile pupil in the person of an admired and beloved wife."

There were eight more pages of "Duties of a Young Wife." including, "Temptations to idle Amusements, and "Regulation of personal expenses on a scale conformable to her husband's income."

"Why should I read further?" Emily asked

herself, closing the book and leaning her head on her hand in pensive mood. "Surely I will be an old maid. Eighteen years old and never a sweetheart. Oh, if a prince charming should come riding as he did in my childhood Fairy Tales; or if an elegant and debonair young man, like those in romances in mother's magazines, should sue for my hand—ah then how gladly I would be intelligent and attractive and docile to a benevolent husband. I would cook for him too." Idly Emily turned the pages until she came to a recipe for "American Pancakes."

'Mix 1 pint of cream, 5 spoonfuls of fine flour, 5 eggs, and a very little salt. Fry the pancakes very thin in fresh butter, and between each strew sugar and cinnamon.'

On the same page she read a recipe for "Orange Pudding."

"Take a half a pound of melted butter, half a pound of sugar, and the yolks of 8 eggs; mix all together with 2 oz. of candied orange; put puff paste all over the dish, and bake half an hour."





## CHAPTER IX

The London Express thundered north through smiling summer fields of grain, and past tiny villages with their thatched cotages amid flowering hedgerows. John Dunlop was coming home. But he had no home—no one to meet him and bid him welcome. Gloom settled deep into his heart as the train slowed to a stop at the railroad terminal at Stockton-on-Tees. Thus it was with a shock that he saw a smartly dressed young woman waiting on the station platform holding little Jamie by the hand. Her modish hat and seal-skin jacket banished his first thought that she was a new governess in the Coombes household.

John saw her eyes light up as she caught sight of him. Then he recognized her—Emily Coombes, no longer the child he had still imagined her. With long strides he reached Emily and held out

his hands, grateful that he was not forgotten. Outside the station, the groom was holding the heads of the impatient carriage horses. John handed Emily into the phaeton where she settled herself with a rustle of her taffeta skirts. Then they were carried through the business section to the exclusive residential district where Millfield House stood amid the trees and flowers of her spacious gardens.

A white-capped maid admitted them to the drawing room where stately Lizzie Coombes, in her white matron's cap, waited to greet them. Tea things were laid out on a snowy cloth, delicate white china with bands of red and gold. John enjoyed the hot tea with thin sliced buttered bread and strawberry jam tarts. All the while he kept looking at Emily out of the corner of his eyes. Her soft, dark hair, her wide grey eyes and fair skin, with cheeks like the blush of a rose, charmed and excited him.

As for Emily, she admired everything about him from the set of his broad shoulders in his officers uniform, to the deep tones of his voice as he talked of strange, far off lands and distant seas.

There ensued a mid-summer the like of which John had not dared to believe he would ever have again. There were long walks with Emily, and

picnics and intimate chats by the fireside when rain kept them indoors. More and more, John felt himself drawn to this young woman—like Sarah Ella in a way—and yet, how different! With him Emily was always at ease, never nervous or fussy. A bookworm herself, she never minded when her friend lost himself completely in reading one of his favorite volumes. Sarah Ella was already beginning to fade into a dear memory.

Idleness, though pleasant, soon began to lose its attraction for John. He found himself thinking of an old saying, “Life would be very tolerable if it were not for its amusements.” The rank of Fleet Engineer seemed to beckon to his ambitious mind, and he applied to the Admiralty for and received permission to attend Greenwich Naval College for a year’s study. The curriculum consisted of Physics, Chemistry, Engineering and French. John had room and board at the College. The building was a sumptuous palace built for Royalty during the Fifteenth Century. John wrote of this time in his diary, in his usual terse style, “The studies were not severe and the company congenial. For the first time in many years I was able to attend a Presbyterian Church and teach a class in Sunday School.”

When the year of study was ended, John passed all of his examinations and the Admiralty be-



stowed upon him the rank of Commander, with the title of Fleet Engineer in the Royal Navy. The opportunity of another honor was accorded him, an audience with Queen Victoria at one of the Royal receptions. John, never impressed by pomp and circumstance, declined the honor. There was a little princess up North with whom he intended to have an audience. No doubt his new uniform, with its three gold stripes on the sleeve, would impress her more than it would the Queen.

John was a hero, indeed, in Emily's youthful eyes. Never had she seen anyone so handsome, so charming, and so friendly to herself. Her parents still treated her like a child. Only John seemed to realize that she was a woman grown. How could she help being flattered to be noticed by a man of the world?

One day Emily received a rude shock. She and John were sitting by the fire when he turned to her and said abruptly, "I expect to leave England again soon. I think I will take another three year's commission."

Emily's heart almost stopped a beat. All color drained from her face. Until that moment, she had not realized how much this friendship meant to her. It was like a warm fire on a cold day, like a glowing light in a dark room. It had brought beauty into her life where there had been only ashes. She tried to check the stinging tears that welled up in her eyes.

“Emily,” John was saying in a voice husky with feeling, “Emily, I love you. You are all the world to me. I cannot bear to be near you just as a friend. I want you for my wife.”

Emily could not answer a word. Rushing from his presence, she flew upstairs to her room, locked the door and gave way to tears. The beautiful friendship lay shattered beyond repair. Any other relationship to this man was unthinkable. When Emily grew more calm, she went over the reasons why marriage with John was simply impossible. 1. He was a Scot and she was an English girl. 2. He was a Presbyterian, one of those people who believed in that horrible doctrine of Predestination. She was a Methodist and believed in the blessed doctrine of Free Will. 3. He was a widower and old enough to be her father. 4. Above all, he was her uncle—no blood relation of course—but he had been married to her aunt Sarah. 5. The stern English law forbade marriage between such relationships.

Strangely, when Emily’s mother came up presently with some hot tea, and tried to comfort her, all she could do was begin to sob again and cry piteously, “O ma, he’s gone—he’s gone. I’ll never, never see him again!”

John had returned to Plymouth and, as he had no intention of giving up his sweetheart so easily, now began to steadily bombard Emily with letters. Emily tearfully read his ardent pleas. Her heart

said, "yes." But her reason said, "no." So the struggle went on, week after week, while Emily grew thin and pale and as languid as a wilting flower. Autumn fled away before Winter's chilling blasts sweeping down from the North Sea.

In the meantime, John applied to the Admiralty for a commission on a sea-going ship and was appointed Chief Engineer to H.M.S. *Cleopatra*, a new corvette of 2,380 tons fitting out at Plymouth. The *Cleopatra* was preparing to join the Fleet carrying the two young English Princes on a voyage around the world to visit the British Colonies.

George, Duke of York, afterward King George V, and his elder brother, the Duke of Clarence, were appointed midshipmen aboard H.M.S. *Bacchante*, a 16 gun corvette. The *Bacchante* was a larger ship than the *Cleopatra*, having a displacement of 4130 tons, a length of 280 feet and a breadth of 45.5 feet. Her maximum speed under steam was 15 knots. This ship had compound engines of the direct-acting horizontal return connecting rod type. They employed steam at 70 pounds per square inch pressure and, at 74 revolutions per minute indicated 5,300 horse power. The propeller was a two-bladed Griffiths screw 20.5 feet in diameter. The *Bacchante*, like her sister ships, carried a lifting device so that the screw could be disconnected from the propeller shaft and lifted out of the water when sail power alone was to be used.



On this world cruise, sail power was to be used as much as possible with steam used only as auxiliary. The expense of fueling such a Fleet was tremendous, costing \$400 per day for each ship; to say nothing of the frequent delays caused by having to put into port to re-fuel. Each ship could carry only enough coal for a few days when engines were operated at full speed. In addition, the boilers and engines were too frail to stand up under constant use. The boilers were likely to go tempermental and blow up. Sometimes the safety valves refused to work. Other times it was the feed pumps, but whatever, the results were unpleasant.

The Cleopatra, when launched, like all ships was just a shell. It took months to install her engines and fit her out for sea—a job which John Dunlop, as Chief Engineer, was superintending. Now and then he was able to take a short leave.

One bleak day Emily was sitting by the fire alone with her unhappy thoughts, when a knock came at the door, and there was John, tall and handsome in his blue uniform. His presence, his glowing countenance, the light from his blue eyes, seemed to bring a radiance into the dreary room. Forgetting everything, Emily ran toward him. In a moment she was in his arms in sweet surrender. Henceforth she was to be his very own.

So they were quietly married December 23, 1879 at the little Presbyterian Church at Plymouth. Samuel and Lizzie Coombes were the only

witnesses; and the young clergyman was more nervous than anyone, as this was the first marriage ceremony he had ever performed. The bride was a slender girl of nineteen, five feet one in height. She wore a charming satin gown in the Princess style so becoming to her petite figure. The groom wore civilian clothes. He was forty-one years of age.

Thus began a few precious months of happiness for John and Emily. Their life in Plymouth seemed one long honeymoon. All too soon the Cleopatra was ready to sail with the Fleet. Sad as their parting was, there was one thing that filled John with new hope. Emily was with child. On his last shore leave, John went North with Emily and saw her established in her father's home in her former role of governess to the younger children.

Emily settled down to a life outwardly like that of her girlhood. Yet how different! No longer did she have to turn to her diary to express her inner thoughts. Her life was now linked with a strong man who was able to calm her restless spirit and drive away all her fears. A few weeks after John's departure, Emily received a letter written on heavy, cream-colored paper bearing the insignia of the Cleopatra in an engraved design of silver.

“H.M.S. Cleopatra,  
At Sea, October, 1880.

My Dear Wife,

I begin this first of my foreign letters to you

on a Sunday afternoon. It is a very fair day—the sea smooth—and a fair wind, but so light that we are making only about 2 knots. The Inconstant, the Admiral's ship, is about 3 miles away and slowly increasing her distance. We are not steaming but, unless a change takes place, we will have to start the engines to keep up to the Inconstant. We left Portsmouth yesterday afternoon at 4 o'clock and have had this fine weather ever since. But everyone seems rather downhearted, from the Captain to the seamen.

“You may well say, my dear, that this life of mine is so different from the one you know that I must seem a different person. I feel as if I were in another world. But I must try with God's help to do my duty day by day where He has placed me; to guard myself from being unjust or getting irritated with those under my control without being slack in seeing that they do their best. Of course, my dear, as in every number of men, so in our department there are some who, either from carelessness or lack of ability, are not able to do as well as the others. One of the artificers in particular is a sad bungler and I lost my temper with him this morning—not that I said anything very bad to him. But you know my manner. With God's help I must try and guard against this, for there is no doubt that if one gives way to that sort of thing, it grows on you.

“I cannot express, my dear, how glad I am that I was able to visit you at Millfield House before



I left. It would not have been near so good if you had come to see me at Plymouth. For there I saw you, as you will be till I (D.V.) come back, amongst your own people and filling an important place. What a difference there was between you there and in Lodgings! In the latter, you were the timid, inexperienced girl afraid alike of being too yielding or too severe with the landlady. But at home you feel quite sure of your ground. There is nothing strange or unexpected in this; but I think you were much surprised and vexed at it yourself. I hope you do not think that I was either—for I loved you equally in each situation. And the more I see of you, the more I love you. I trust that He will watch over you and bring us safely together again; and whatever changes time may work, we will still be the same to each other.”

After an interval, the letter continues the following Friday.

“My Dear Wife, My last sheet was written under most favourable circumstances, calm weather. We have had a very rough time of it the last three days. As soon as we got into the Bay of Biscay, we lost our fine weather and it began to blow hard from the west. This soon rose to a gale and the sea got up till the ship was rolling about very uncomfortably. The Bay of Biscay is noted for its wild weather and it did not belie its fame this time. You could not go on deck without very soon getting wet through, and below decks, there was nothing but bad smells and noises of things

rolling about. It was hard work to stand or sit still, for you had to hold on hard to keep yourself from tumbling about along with the loose chains and things lying on deck.

“Of course it was impossible to open your cabin window for a breath of fresh air. For, though one moment it would be looking up to the sky, the next it would be buried by the waves, so that the glass looked like some dull, green-eyed monster looking at you. Of course one did not care to do much in such weather, but then was the time most had to be done, through things getting out of order; and sick men want more looking after.

“As usual when the gale began they went through a lot of maneuvers with their sails. But, after fighting with them all day, they had to get up steam at night. The ship behaved very well under the circumstances. We kept up with the *Inconstant* very well until, in the height of the gale, she lost one of her boats and signalled for us to go and pick it up. Though we made a feeble attempt, we failed and fell a long way behind. We finally lost sight of the *Inconstant* and are jogging along without her.”

In building the slender, graceful hull of the Admiral's ship, *Inconstant*, everything was sacrificed for speed and beauty. She was considered a ship of vast size, and too expensive for an iron-hulled, unarmoured cruiser. She cost 214,000 pounds, about \$1,070,000, had a displacement of 5,780 tons and her maximum speed was 16.2 knots.





Emily Coombes and John Dunlop were married in the Presbyterian Church at Plymouth, December 1879. Emily's father and mother were the only witnesses at the ceremony. John wore his civilian clothes. Emily wore a charming gown in the Princess style so becoming to her petite figure. She was five feet one in height and very slender. Her satin gown is elaborately made with tight fitting bodice and long gored skirt with fullness drawn to the back over a bustle. A shirred and flounced overskirt sweeps around the back to form the train.





The top speed of the Cleopatra was only 13 knots.

John continues his letter,

“To make things a little more uncomfortable, the Captain has taken it into his head that, for economy’s sake, the ship’s company should be put on short allowance of water. So we have a padlock on the water tank and water is served out by the gallon. My allowance for washing is a gallon a day. I believe the men get rather less than that for cooking, washing and all. It is at times like these that one is inclined to say, “Well if I ever get clear of this ship, I will take care never to go to sea again.”

“No wonder I appreciate the comforts of home—a comfortable fireside with a loving wife for a companion. Well, my dear, out of this discomfort, I hope to make our future more comfortable. And then, on looking back on such cheerless times as these, our fireside will seem all the brighter by contrast. I think the greatest trial at this time is the attempt to keep up ones books. Say I am seated at my table, pen in hand—ink and paper before me—the Cleo gives a lurch and away I go out of the door, chair, paper, pen and all in one heap. Fortunately the ink is fixed and can’t move. It would be laughable if it were not so uncomfortable. However one soon forgets these things (thank God) when they are over. Whilst I tell you of our life at sea and its discomforts you will not think I do so in a grumbling spirit but rather that

you may know my daily life in all its phases and so be able to feel nearer to me.

“How my heart goes back to you, my dear, wishing, wishing always that I could be beside you; and seeing no happiness in store for me unless you can be a sharer in it. You asked me if I did not grudge the railway fare on my last visit to you. My dear, that visit was worth more to me than all my money, and you know it too, for you know that I love you dearly.

“May God bless you, my dear wife,  
Your loving husband,

John P. Dunlop

P.S. Love to Jamie.”

October 24 found the *Cleopatra* off Cape Finis-terre, on the coast of Spain, in a fog so dense that the navigator could not get his bearings and it was with great difficulty that the ship at last made her way into Vigo Harbor. The sister ships of the squadron, the *Carysfort* and *Bacchante*, were already at anchor. After a few days the *Cleopatra* set sail for Maderia and John began to feel the change in temperature. The air had quite a hot house feeling and there were grapes and ripe figs on the lunch table at officers' mess.

As the Fleet alternately sailed and steamed on its leisurely way the London papers were full of its exploits, including the lavish entertainments showered upon the young Princes in seaport towns where the Fleet anchored.

John wrote in his diary, “We called at Vigo,



Maderia, the Cape Verde Islands and Montevideo in South America staying a few days at each place. Nothing happened of note until we reached the Falkland Islands, a little isolated part of the British Empire, but as British as Devonshire. I took a walk on shore with the Chaplain the day after we got in but we had not gone far when, happening to look toward our Fleet lying in the harbor, we saw the Blue Peter Flag flying from the mast head of every ship. This is the signal for everyone to return to their ships. It was a surprise as we had expected to stay several days in harbor. The occasion was a ship had just arrived with orders to proceed to the Cape of Good Hope instead of going round Cape Horn as we had expected. No reason was given but next morning it leaked out that there was a war going on in South Africa.

“So we put to sea and, with a strong westerly wind, made a fast run of 21 days to Simon’s Bay, Cape of Good Hope—a distance of about 3000 miles. There we heard that the war was over, much to the disgust of our lieutenants. They had expected that the Fleet would be called upon to furnish a landing party and had been drilling the men all the way across. What made it worse was that, in the last battle between the Boers and the British, that of Majuba Hill, the latter had met with a serious defeat. You may be sure that Prime Minister Gladstone, who concluded the treaty of peace, was heartily cursed throughout the Fleet.”

The time was March 1881. To cheer the disgruntled men, robbed of the excitement of war, the Admiral decided to hold a regatta in beautiful Simon's Bay. A whole week was spent in preparing and staging this event. John wrote an account of it to Emily,

“There is nothing more uninteresting than a Regatta when you don't know who is pulling and don't care. But it is quite different when your shipmates are engaged in it. Even I, who usually take very little interest in such things, got quite excited. The first thing, of course, was to gather subscription for the prizes. Ninety one pounds (\$455) was made up in the Fleet of which your humble servant contributed seven shillings six pence (\$1.80). Besides this, the Admiral gave several gold and silver cups. The first day was a regatta for rowing boats and there were prizes to be contested for by every kind of boat and every sort of folk from the cabin boy and the stoker to the officers. But the great fun and excitement was that nearly all the prizes were taken by the Cleopatra's men. It was considered a great thing that our people should beat such ships as the Inconstant and the Bacchante. The race by officers was won by the Bacchante officers steered by Prince George. Our men came in second after a desperate struggle.

“Next day was the sailing regatta and the Navigating Lieutenant and the old Doctor and I decided that the best place to see this event was



from the verandah of the Club. We were influenced partly by the fact that some ladies were coming on board to lunch with the Captain. So we left the ship before noon, took lunch at the Club, and our seat on the verandah. It was really a very good place to view the races. But, as I had a newspaper to read, I didn't see much of them."

One day John and two of the ship's lieutenants went for a long walk. He wrote to Emily about this experience which made such a deep impression upon his mind.

"We got right away from the town up to a sort of moor covered with heath and dotted with lovely flowers. So we wandered about gathering bouquets. We walked a long way till we came to a farm house, a poor looking place of only two rooms, with an earthen floor and a few boxes for furniture. Prints from the illustrated papers decorated the walls. But all was very clean. The farm people were mulattoes of Dutch race and were very civil. I was very thirsty and hot so I asked for milk and sat down inside and drank two glass fulls. Of course I paid—6 pence.

"Looking at those poor, South African, farmer people made me think of one of the thorns in my lot—the want of liberty. And I thought whether we get a sufficient return for parting with our liberty. Those poor folk had none of the luxuries of our life. Their little, rude farm could yield them only necessaries; but they were free and they had the pleasures of family life. I wonder



if I could be contented with such a life as that, or have I become such a slave to artificial wants that I could not give them up. And you, my dear, what do you say to it yourself?"

Seven weeks were spent at Simon's Bay. Then the squadron sailed for Australia, having the same strong westerly wind which brought them from the Falkland Islands. The Cleopatra soon found herself wallowing in tremendous waves. Some were actually observed to be forty feet from crest to hollow. The Cleo would sink down in a hollow and then be borne to the crest of the wave. In the midst of this passage through the "Roaring Forties," the Bacchante, the ship in which the two Princes were sailing, damaged her rudder and began to veer to windward and drift in the furious sea, so that she could not keep station with the Fleet. Thus the heir to the British throne was adrift in a wild ocean.

The Admiral gave orders for her to get up steam and make for the nearest port. The Cleopatra, also under steam, was ordered to accompany her for fear of further accident. The rest of the Fleet went on to Melbourne whilst the Bacchante and the Cleopatra made the best of their way to Albany, West Australia. In a few days the rudder was repaired and the two ships proceeded, full speed under steam to join the Fleet.

John kept up steam with all six boilers going full blast. The throb of the engines was music in his ears after hearing nothing but the creaking

of the masts and the wind in the sails for so much of the voyage. Yet John could not ignore the condition of the boilers and the engines. "Would they bear the fearful strain?" he asked himself, "Or, God forbid, would there be some awful tragedy like the explosion which sank the Carysfort and the Comus?" It got so that John could not sleep but haunted the engine room at all hours. It was at eight bells that he discovered that one of the boiler feed pumps had failed to work and the water in the boiler was so low that the top of the furnace was red hot and bulged down.

At any moment, an explosion might blow them all to Kingdom Come. Quickly John ordered all the men out of the stokehold. Then he opened the safety valve to reduce the terrific pressure. He shut off the damaged boiler and the danger was past. So calmly, so quickly was all this done, that few realized from what horrible fate they had been saved by the cool presence of mind of their Chief Engineer.

The Fleet remained at Melbourne about three weeks, during which time the loyal Australians gave dinners for the officers and men of the Fleet, also free excursions on the railroads, all in honor of the two Princes. Leaving Australia, the Fleet sailed for the Fige Islands where the men were entertained by an old chief who was said to have eaten his grandmother.

October 24, 1881 found the Fleet lying in Tokyo Bay off Yokohama. That day John looked into



his little book, "Links of Memory." Then he wrote to Emily, "This is the anniversary of the day on which you accepted me. I owe you all I can give for that, my dear, and all I can give now is this letter and the hope that you will never regret your decision of that day. I trust that in the future this day will be a day of thankfulness and holiday to us."

Time sped onward and the Fleet made its way to Shanghai, thence to Hong Kong where all hands spent a merry Christmas, knowing that soon they would be steaming through the Suez Canal on the way Home. John spent the time visiting the fascinating shops and buying gifts of silks and china ware and exquisitely embroidered shawls to take home.

Bitter disappointment awaited the men of the *Cleopatra* at Suez. She was ordered to leave the Princes' squadron and proceed back to China to join the China Fleet and finish out her three years commission. This pill was too bitter for the Captain to swallow; so he went on the sick list and was invalided home. John, putting duty above personal feelings, carried on as usual. He reckoned that all the hardships he endured now were buying for him a safe and happy future with his beloved Emily.

May 1882 found the *Cleopatra* at anchor in the harbor at Hong Kong. The new Captain thought it a good time to paint the ship's hull. So he ordered his Chief Engineer to fill the boilers with



water on each side alternately, so as to make her list over and expose her hull below the water-line. John knew that this procedure was prohibited in the Admiralty's regulations. So he got his copy and took it to the Captain, calling attention to the rule. The Captain raged and roared and stamped about and told John to obey his orders at once. But John had scarcely reached the engine room when a messenger recalled him to the Captain again. This time the Captain reprimanded his Chief Engineer for the manner in which he had presented the Admiralty's regulations to him. But he rescinded his order.

The China Fleet spent the winter of 1882-1883 at Shanghai. When warm weather set in the Admiral called the whole Fleet together, and they went north visiting different ports as far as Vladivostock. On a dark, foggy night the Fleet sailed past the grim forts, without being noticed, and anchored, without a pilot, in the harbor. The Russians were quite surprised next morning to see the British Flag flying from ships in their Bay. From here the British sailed north to Siberia and up the Armour River into a thickly wooded country.

On the way up, the Admiral made one half of the ships tow the other half as an experiment. The *Cleopatra* was one of the towing ships, and all went well until the slide valve of the H. P. Cylinder gave out. Her Captain asked permission to part company with the Fleet and go under sail

while making repairs. This request was granted. On removing the cover, John found the valve broken in two. It was a casting weighing half a ton—difficult to handle in a sea way. Nothing daunted, John decided to patch it. By working continuously for 24 hours he got the job finished, got up steam and rejoined the Fleet. Among his men there was a saying, “If a thing can possibly be repaired Chief Engineer, John Dunlop can get it done.”

John himself wrote, “The Admiral called me aboard his ship to explain what was the matter. He was quite satisfied with my explanation and I seem to have left a good impression of my ability with him; for, just before I left the Station to go home, he offered me the job of Chief Engineer on his Flag Ship. This was gratifying but I had had enough of China, so I declined with thanks.

“The voyage up to Siberia was too much for the new Captain of the *Cleopatra* who invalided when the ship returned to China. The *Cleo* surely was a sickly ship for Captains. At Hongkong another Captain came aboard and managed to keep his health until we were all paid off, December 11, 1883—the three years’ commission being completed.”

Then John Dunlop joyfully set sail for Home. He was a passenger aboard the mail steamer, *Orontes*. He arrived at Plymouth on February 20, 1884.





## CHAPTER X

The telegram was from Naval Headquarters, Plymouth. Emily stood trembling clutching the yellow envelope in her hand afraid to open it, breathing a prayer, "O God, let him be safe."

The wire was from John himself, "February 20, 1884. Landed at Plymouth. See you Wednesday night. Love. John."

After three long years, John would be with her again. A joy that was as poignant as pain swept through her being, and she burst into silly tears. A wave of memory engulfed her as Emily sat by the flickering fire in her room, still holding the message in her hand.

The past three years had not been happy ones.



First she had the misfortune to lose the baby—the child John had been longing for. It had taken all her will power to write and tell him the tragic news—to put the bitter words down on paper. Besides she felt that such intimate matters should not be mentioned in letters.

John's answer had come back to her, patient and kind, as always, seeking to comfort her and hiding his own disappointment.

“The idea of you thinking that I should be displeased at you putting the news on paper, when I have so often asked you to tell me everything. Well dear, I promise you that if it please God to bring me safe home to you, I will try to be everything to you so that you need not miss anyone else. What a good thing it is that our love has increased after marriage when we hear of so many couples to whom marriage has been a sad disenchantment. It ought to make us thankful that a closer acquaintanceship only showed us to be more suited to each other than you thought. I say ‘you’ because I never doubted that I could make you happy and that you would love me more and more. Was it not cheeky of me to be so confident of it? And I am not usually over confident either. But you see, dear, I knew you better than you did yourself.” (Written October 26, Vigo Bay)

In addition to losing her own child Emily's two sisters, Essie and Freda died during John's absence. Diphtheria swept across England in its annual scourge and struck down the Coombes

Household. The mother took every precaution, even having the children wear bags of camphor crystals about their necks to ward off infection. It was thought that Essie and Freda had breathed in the bad smell from open drains and thus caught the disease. Essie, just entering her teens, was the first to go. Then four year old Freda was stricken.

Emily recalled that bleak winter night when she sat huddled in her bathrobe before the fireplace in her room—too full of anxiety to sleep. How her blood chilled when a dog howled in the darkness—sure sign of a death; and a bird, wind-swept by the storm, beat its wings against the window—another omen of evil! Next morning little Freda died.

The sadness of the double funeral, the hearse with its ebony plumes, drawn by black horses, her mother's hopeless weeping, all left a memory never to be erased from Emily's mind. The women of the family swathed themselves in black crepe mourning, every pleat and fold of which seemed to bind them closer to their sorrow.

Life at Millfield House seemed unendurable to Emily and her parents after the death of Essie and Freda. At the same time Emily's father was prospering greatly in business. He bought a fine estate in Yorkshire at Hutton Rudgy and moved his family there. The estate included a mansion staffed with capable servants, a forest stocked with grouse and other wild game, and a stable of hunt-

ing horses. Week end hunting parties became the order of the day. Emily realized that her stricken parents were trying to forget their sorrow in a round of gayety.

Emily herself found more and more solace in music as she studied the old masters. She loved to play Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata with its intricate weaving of melody. But it was only in dreams that Emily was happy. Then John's presence seemed a reality. His step on the stair, his hand on the latch, his voice in her ear, his arms—warm and compelling, his lips forever hers in thrilling delight. She would awake her cheeks rosy with sleep, her soft, dark hair tousled on her pillow, sighing, "John, O John!" But there was only the rain in the street, the voice of the wind, the chill of the night and the empty room crying out, "Alone—alone!"

Emily lived through those grim days when newspaper headlines shrieked out evil tidings of the disaster to the Carysfort: "Fatal Explosion Sinks Corvette—Few Survivors Rescued by Sister Ship, Cleopatra."

Emily knew that John had trouble with the boilers on the Cleopatra and that he had sent a blue print to the Admiralty with specifications for improvements in the crude type of marine engines. She also realized that red tape was long and winding and that changes came slowly. Meantime it was only the grace of God and John's eternal watchfulness that guarded the Cleopatra from the



fate of the Carysfort and later, the Comus.

Now all that was past and John was coming home. Emily donned her new dress with the fashionable tight sleeves and draped skirt, her little round hat with a feather—and an air of poise that she did not feel.

Eggleston, a charming village in a little valley in Yorkshire was the place John and Emily chose for their second honeymoon. There they spent the summer of 1884 in complete happiness. On fine days they went for walks along the old Roman road or for picnics near Eggleston Abbey. On rainy days Emily would play his accompaniment while John sang the old songs of Scotland in his pleasant baritone.

Such golden days must have an ending. John was called back to duty and appointed Chief Engineer to the newly launched iron clad battleship. H.M.S. Ajax, now being fitted out at Chatham dockyard.

This meant another move. So John rented and furnished a two-story grey brick house in New Brompton,\* a suburb of Chatham, and within easy walking distance of the Chatham dockyard. The house faced the Park or Chatham Lines—extensive fortifications dating from 1758 and enlarged and strengthened several times until the fortress was one of the strongest in all of Britain. This was in Kent, known as the “garden of England”

\* Now Gillingham.

and noted for roses, hops and pretty girls.

The new Dunlop House had a tiny front garden surrounded by a wrought iron fence. A grapevine was trained to grow straight up the front wall so that one could lean out the second-story window and pick the grapes. The rear garden, enclosed by a brick wall was spacious enough to grow both flowers and vegetables in season.

John and Emily had fun buying furnishings for the new home, shopping in London only thirty miles away. Everything must be of the best from the handsome dining room suite upholstered in real leather to the axminster carpet for the drawing room. There were red velvet drapes and Nottingham lace curtains to be hung. Everything was pleasurable confusion until finally, as the Autumn days began to close in, all was ready for gracious living, with a servant girl to help with the work.

Sometimes John and Emily took a run up to London for a holiday. Once they heard the young Paderewski, golden-haired idol of the British public, play in concert at Albert Hall. Once they went to a performance of that new Gilbert and Sullivan Comic Opera, Pinafore. Emily thought it was delightfully naughty to go to the theatre. It was the first time in her life.

Jim Dunlop was now a member of the family and, in everything but legal adoption, a son. Saturdays were gala days for him as sons of the Naval Officers were allowed to visit the Chatham



EMILY DUNLOP AND DAUGHTER, FRED A

Emily is dressed in her blue and white print trimmed with blue buttons. The draped skirt is caught at the side with blue ribbon bow. Emily prized her little gold brooch more than any of her jewelry because John bought it especially for her. It was not something that Sarah had worn. Freda's dainty, handmade frock of sheer muslin is trimmed with rows of tucks and embroidery.

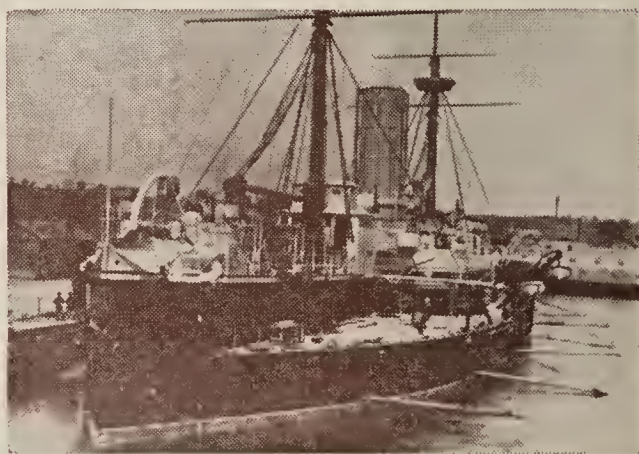




JOHN DUNLOP, R.N.  
1886

John now has the rank of Commander, but the gold stripes on his sleeve are the only insignia he is wearing. Emily could not persuade him to wear his cocked hat, sword and gold epaulettes.

The Ajax was a newly launched battleship of the Admiral line. The hull alone cost \$1,960,000. The picture was taken at Chatham Dockyard about 1885.



dockyard. From the earliest times the dockyard occupied an extensive area nearly a mile in length and enclosed on the land side by a high wall strongly fortified. The entrance was through a spacious gateway flanked by two embattled towers and guarded by two stalwart naval policemen. All Jim had to say was, "Chief of the Ajax" and he was allowed to enter. Then he would make his way to the Chief Engineer's cabin where, as a rule, John was either poring over intricate drawings of machinery or drawing specifications himself. It was Jim's delight to follow the Chief on a tour of inspection through the bowels of the ship. John would call through his speaking tube to his personal attendant, "Stacy, bring me my lamp." That meant the beginning of a thrilling trip down the iron stairways to the engine room and all the wonders it contained.

The Ajax was a newly launched iron-clad battleship of the "Admiral" line. It had a width of 66 feet, length, 280 feet, displacement, 8,660 tons, draught 23.7 feet and a speed of 13 knots. On this ship, steel faced deck plating 9 inches thick was used for the first time. The weight of armour on the Ajax, including deck armour was 2,223 tons. The cost of the hull of the vessel alone was 392,000 pounds, (\$1,960,000.).

The cold month of December came and with it Emily's mother and young brother, Arthur for a visit. Lizzie's knitting needles were flying making tiny jackets and bootees, while Emily industri-



ously feather-stitched dainty frocks no bigger than a doll's garments. A subtle air of expectancy brooded over the household. Then one day Doctor Hugo in his tall hat and black frock coat came to the house with his little black bag. John was pacing the floor with his hands clasped behind him, hoping and praying that it would be a boy. After all these long years of waiting for a child, surely it would be a boy.

Suddenly at 2:00 a.m. Thursday, December 11, 1884, a lusty squalling rang through the house. It was a girl! Lizzie Coombes, newly-made grandmother, gathered the baby in her arms laughing and crying for joy. "It is like having my own darling Freda back again," she said. So the new baby was named, Mary Freda. She continued to grow and thrive although she soon became a bottle baby.

The bottle was a tricky gadget of intricate design. It was flat on one side like a whiskey flask. A glass tube, joined to a long rubber tube with a nipple on the other end, reached down to the bottom of the bottle so that the baby could get the last drop of milk even though the bottle lay unattended in the bassinet.

Doctor Hugo said that sometimes when called to attend sick babies, he had cut the rubber tube of the bottle in two and found stale curds of sour milk encrusting the inside of the tube. But Emily cared for Freda's bottles herself, forever scalding them and running long thin brushes through the



tubes. Little Freda soon became ruler of the household and was in a fair way to be spoiled.

Surely Jim would resent this little stranger who was attracting the attention that had once been lavished on him. On the contrary he fell for her charms and delighted to pull her around in a go-cart of American manufacture. Soon an old nursemaid was installed in the household. Her name was Meggy, and she was faithful and good. But she was so plain and always smelled so strongly of onions that Jim thought her unfit to handle his dainty playmate.

Now John and Emily were in society. Emily had her calling cards engraved, "Mrs. John P. Dunlop" and went calling on other Naval Officers' wives in New Brompton and Chatham. The Dunlops moved in a most exclusive circle, and Emily learned to look down on "trades people" although her father had been in trade for years. Social affairs required elegant clothes, and Emily looked charming dressed in her fur cape with tails all around the border and her perky hat with the veil over her face, and kid gloves with tiny pearl buttons fastened with a pearl-handled glove fastener. One of her gowns was from the House of Worth, dressmaker to Her Majesty, Queen Victoria. The dress was of stiff black satin with tight bodice and straight sleeves trimmed with real jet. The skirt was very full with deep pleating around the hem.

Almost two years passed. Then, on December 9, 1886, another girl came to bless the Dunlop

household. She was so sweet and winsome that she was named, Laura Winifred. Her skin was as white as milk, and her hair pure gold. Winnie grew so fast that soon she was as big as Freda. The old pram was discarded and a twin perambulator was bought wherein the two girls, dressed exactly alike, were wheeled about. Of course strangers always asked if they were twins.

Winnie was eighteen months of age in the spring of 1888. All of a sudden, Doctor Hugo appeared again with his tall hat and frock coat and his little black bag. This time, on June 23, 1888, he left another baby girl. With her big, dark-blue eyes, she looked like her beautiful grandmother, Lizzie Coombes. So she was named Elizabeth Ivy.

If John still longed for a son, no word of it ever passed his lips. He was proud of his three bonnie girls. About this time Emily's youngest sister, Cicely, came to live with the family and to help with the children. Ivy seemed to feel especially drawn to this pretty young auntie and a bond of friendship grew up between them.

Another three years had rolled round since John had been commissioned to the Naval Reserve at Chatham. Any day now he might be commissioned again to a sea-going ship on foreign service for three years. This was a most unwelcome prospect. Emily could not bear the thought of another parting. Something had to be done.

John was now fifty years of age and had served 28 years in the Royal Navy. He had chronic bron-

chitis so severe that he never left the house without Emily calling after him, "Have you got a clean handkerchief?" Besides, the varicose veins in his legs, aggravated by standing on the hot plates in the engine room, were increasingly more painful. Therefore John made application to the Admiralty for Honorable Retirement. This was granted September 20, 1888, with a pension of 360 pounds, (\$1800) a year for life. This was half pay, his salary having been \$3600 per year.

Now that John was free at last, the problem was where to go. Where could he try out the wings of his new-found freedom?





## CHAPTER XI

John P. Dunlop, R.N. Honorably Retired, was a man of leisure. This bright September morning he sat in his breakfast room reading the morning paper and dawdling over his second cup of coffee. The maid had just refilled the cup according to his taste, half coffee and half hot milk, and the delicious aroma filled the room.

“Listen to this, my dear,” John exclaimed excitedly, addressing Emily who sat opposite him in her blue and white morning dress, “This advertisement seems just what we have been searching for,

‘COME TO CALIFORNIA, LAND OF SUNSHINE. Health, Happiness and Prosperity await you in California. Rich Farmlands for Sale in the fertile valleys of the Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers. From her snow-capped mountains to her

palm-shaded beaches, California bids you Welcome. For further particulars, send for profusely illustrated circular.' ”

John put down the paper and a broad grin spread over his face as he looked expectantly at his wife.

“California, where is that?” Emily looked alarmed at the mention of the strange-sounding name.

John forgot his coffee and began to pace the little room, as he used to pace the deck, with his hands clasped behind him, “Sunshine, vineyards, fruit trees—land, Emily—our own land, freedom. What do you say, my dear?”

There was clearly not much for Emily to say. But her father, Samuel Coombes, fell in eagerly with the idea. His doctor had recommended a warm climate for the cure of his neuralgia—a sunny clime, far from the chilling winds of Yorkshire. So Samuel sold his beautiful estate in Hutton Rudgy and his business at Stockton-on-Tees. Then, cash in hand, he was ready for adventure in the New World.

John Dunlop sold two houses he owned in Hartlepool, some stock in the Canadian Pacific Railway, and commuted 80 pounds out of his pension. Then, after a family conclave of Dunlops and Coombes, definite plans for sailing were made.

Great sea-chests were built in which the household goods were to be packed away. They would be shipped by sailing vessel around the Horn.



There were the red velvet hangings from the drawing room and the gay chintz curtains with the ball fringe from the front bedroom; the sheets of pure Irish linen, and the white damask tablecloths.

If Emily wept as she packed away her precious things, who was there to notice? Certainly not John whose heart was lifted up thinking of his new Adventure. A wife and mother must be brave and gay. So Emily laughed and told her friends that they were going out to the Wild West in California. No one knew how frightened she was at the very thought of leaving her beloved England for a strange country—how wild she could only conjecture.

Money being more precious than time, the party decided to sail aboard the *Erl King*, a small freighter having room for only a few passengers and carrying a cargo of tin to New Orleans. The party of twelve, Samuel and Elizabeth Coombes and their children, Charles, Laura, Cicely and Arthur, and the secretary, Miss Jones; together with the Dunlops—John and Emily and their children; Freda, Winifred, and Ivy, sailed from London at midnight, January 14, 1889.

The beginning of the voyage was not auspicious. Heavy seas in the English Channel made everyone, except John and Samuel Coombes, seasick. As there was no stewardess on board, the two men had to rush about with towels and basins waiting on the sufferers.



Emily's cabin smelled horribly of choride of lime, which she felt sure had been used to disinfect the place after some poor wretch had died there of small pox or cholera. This thought was of no help in overcoming her sea-sickness. But Emily had to keep her feet and, while the Erl King was rolling in the trough of the waves, make her way to the galley to prepare the formula for Ivy's bottle. The galley was hot; and Emily was almost overcome by the fumes rising from the salt pork in the huge wash boiler of pea soup on the galley stove, mingled with the sickening odor of burned grease. Over all, hung the vague smell of insect powder sprinkled about to discourage the cockroaches.

The waves were mountainous, foaming over the deck. Young Arthur Coombes was almost washed out to sea, escaping a watery grave only by clinging desperately to the rope railing around the deck.

After calling at Swansea, Wales, for the cargo of tin, the Erl King made for the broad Atlantic. Now the weather became calm for a time and the sun shone on the blue waters. Freda and Winnie strutted about the deck in their blue serge sailor suits. The surly Captain succumbed to the charms of his passengers and built a playhouse on the main deck for the children. High on the bridge on moonlight nights, the First Mate made love to the beautiful Laura Coombes.

Winter storms soon began to lash the Atlantic

again. The little ship rolled and creaked and steamed slowly onward. But the violent pitching of the vessel caused the cargo of tin to shift in the hold. Tons of tin rolled to starboard and then violently flung its weight over to port side, almost causing the Erl King to capsize. It listed so that the frightened children wondered if it could ever right itself again. John Dunlop and Samuel Coombes joined members of the crew bearing flickering lanterns and descended into the darkness of the hold. There they all labored for long hours, at risk of life and limb. Finally the cargo was secured again and the Erl King steamed away on an even keel.

One morning the children awoke to a gentle slap, slap of the water against the bow instead of the noisy surge of the ocean. Then they heard their mother's excited cry, "Look out the port hole, children! Land, land!"

The children stood up in their bunks and gazed through the portholes in wonder at the dark, muddy water and the green, green grass, and the little negro boys riding their donkeys along the banks of the great river. The Erl King was steaming up the Mississippi to New Orleans where she docked February 8, twenty-six days after leaving Swansea, Wales.

For two days the family tarried amid the sights and smells of New Orleans. Then began the long journey overland by Southern Pacific railway to San Francisco, a distance of 2,597 miles. Well-



stocked hampers of food took the place of the modern dining car and the children always looked forward to the times when little folding tables were set up and the porter brought water to make tea. While the water was being brought to a reluctant boil over a spirit lamp, the table was set with the blue and white agate ware dishes. Then the hamper began to yield up its treasures, bread and butter and jam and, sometimes, tinned sardines, sometimes cheese or perhaps boiled ham. Then there was the precious tinned milk for Ivy's bottle, a small portion of which was squeezed out for cambric tea for Winnie and Freda. Samuel Coombes, never one to do things on a small scale, had bought the biggest bunch of bananas ever seen, in New Orleans. Hanging from the ceiling of the car, the delicious fruit gradually ripened as the train sped onward furnishing a feast for the whole family all the way to California.

Trooping out of the train at Third and Townsend, the family welcomed the cool, fresh air of San Francisco\*\* after days and nights in the stuffy train. All was noise and confusion at the Depot, crowds hurrying to and fro and hack drivers loudly calling out the names of their hotels, their strident voices sounding like a file being drawn over a saw. Soon the family was rattling over the cobblestones in a horse-drawn carriage bound for the Golden West Hotel.

\*\* John and Emily were re-married in San Francisco. The marriage was legal under California law.



Here John got out his account book and figured how much capital he had left to start life in the New World. The journey had cost him \$345 and he had left a bank balance of \$4,363 and \$1,887 from the sale of railroad bonds plus his pension to begin a new life in the Far West at the age of fifty-one years.

The first morning in the hotel dining room, when porridge was ordered, the waiter brought small oval dishes containing a thick mush heavily creamed and coated with sugar. Now any Scotsman knows it is a ghastly sin to put sugar on porridge. John's disgust knew no bounds. Winnie and Freda, however, thought it amusing, like having pudding for breakfast, and ate it all up. Grandpa Coombes, to be on the safe side, ordered two soft boiled eggs. A waiter appeared with the eggs and a water glass. He looked like a magician about to perform a trick. He did. Before Grandpa's horrified gaze, he broke the eggs into the glass and sprinkled them heavily with salt and pepper. Too late now even to ask for egg cups. Grandpa glared at the waiter and, in a voice distinctly heard throughout the dining room, ordered him to take the disgusting mess away.

After a few days, John and Grandpa Coombes left the family at the hotel and began the search for the rich farm lands. Going south to San Jose and thence to Paso Robles and on to Los Angeles, they found the land for sale either too expensive

or too wild. Samuel Coombes became disgusted with the land project and decided to settle in San Francisco. This fascinating city by the Golden Gate was not in the warm, semi-tropical climate the doctor had ordered for his neuralgia. But what mattered more to him—it was a good business town. So Samuel Coombes bought a butcher shop and delicatessen at 107 Stockton Street opposite the Wigwam Theater. The purchase included a factory in the Mission District where ham and bacon were cured and all products prepared for sale in the shop. For a year, the Coombes family lived at the Golden West Hotel and then moved to a two story house at Metcalf Place.

In the meantime, John and Emily set out northward to Sacramento and beyond to the foothills of the Sierra Nevada mountains. Here, five miles from Placerville, they found a ranch of 160 acres for sale for \$3,500. The place had eight acres of Mountain Bartlett pears five years old and a vineyard with several varieties of grapes. There were Flaming Tokays, Black Prince and Muscats as well as Thompson Seedless and Mission Wine grapes. Beyond the pear orchard stretched a beautiful forest. There were live oaks and white oaks and stately pines five or six feet in diameter and over one hundred feet tall. It was Springtime now and wild flowers bloomed along the paths in the wood where the shy deer and the cotton tail rabbits loved to play, and the startled quail flew up at the sound of an intruder entering their haven.



John and Emily fell in love with the place and bought it then and there, paying cash for the entire amount. This astonished the owner, Judge Blanchard, for in El Dorado County in 1889, that much cash was looked upon with awe. Some of the neighboring farmers never saw more than \$200 in cash during an entire year.

John Dunlop soon came to be known as, "that wealthy Scotsman," and it was surprising how many people had things to sell to him at twice the usual price. John paid \$100 for the black horse, Frank, who was a good driving horse for the buckboard. But John was somewhat surprised to find out afterwards that, to anyone but himself, the price would have been \$50. It was the same with Daisy, the white cow. Someone actually gave them the black and white sheep dog, Rover, and the cat which the family named Socrates. Subsequently Socrates presented the family with a fine litter of kittens and, like most mother cats, became a good hunter, killing gophers and snakes and even bringing young cotton tails to her kittens.

The little Dunlop girls were glad to leave the confines of the San Francisco hotel and set out across the Bay in a ferry boat for the Oakland Mole, and the train for Placerville. There was only a freight train running from Sacramento to Placerville, with its little wood-burning engine puffing up the hills and throwing out sparks in every direction from its funnel-shaped smoke stack, and ringing its bell madly as it came to



stations along the way. The Dunlop Family sat in the little red car at the end of the train. Freda and Winnie learned a new word that day. It was "caboose."

There was an old miner's cabin on the ranch near the well. But that was too small for the family. So the Dunlops lived at the Cary House in Placerville until two rooms were built on.

Placerville, formerly known as Hangtown, is situated on Hangtown Creek at the bottom of a pine-covered canyon. Gone now were the rip-roaring mining days of the 1850's when Studebaker was making wheelbarrows for the miners, Mark Hopkins ran a grocery store and Armour was proprietor of the butcher shop. Gone were the swaggering, pistol-totin', red-shirted adventurers. Vanished too, the lumbering stage coaches and the swift Pony Express.

Now the town seemed to exist in a state of suspended animation. All that remained were the quiet homes and tree-shaded streets brooding over past glories. When Emily Dunlop went on her shopping tours, rousing semi-somnambulent shopkeepers from their dreaming, she found them obsessed with the idea that they were just out of whatever merchandise she required. Sometimes Emily went quietly away, not wishing to disturb them unduly. More often she walked briskly back of the counter and found the merchandise herself. The startled clerk then came enough awake to wrap the parcel and frame the stock question

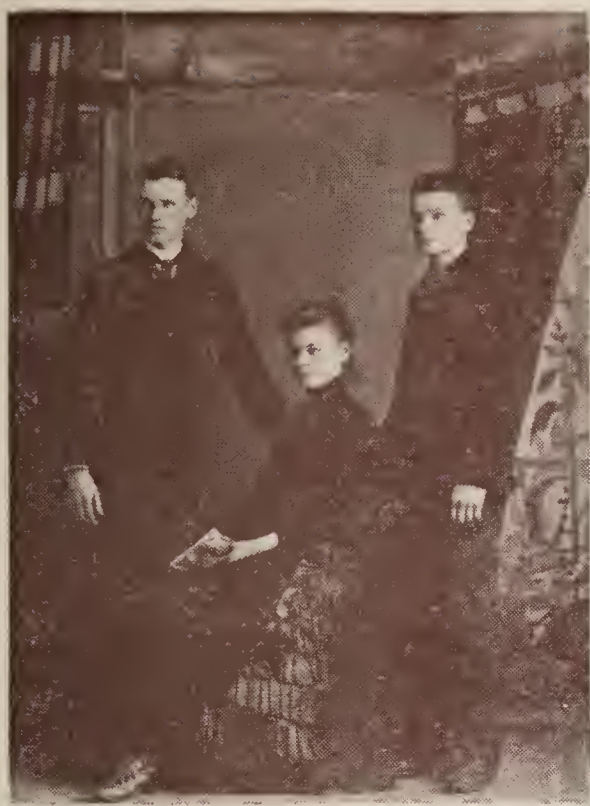
asked by all shopkeepers in Placerville to all farmers, "How are the crops?"

Early in April the Dunlops moved into the house by the Well. Winnie and Freda revelled in their freedom from hotel life and roamed unchecked over the flowering meadows picking baby-blue-eyes and buttercups—not forgetting to look for gold. They had heard so much about this land of gold that every yellow stone and every piece of quartz shining with fool's gold, (pyrite) seemed to them the real thing. At first they annoyed their parents by running in every now and then with these stones asking, "Is this gold?"

It was Emily who did find some small nuggets in a chicken's gizzard, the fowl having picked it up from the bed of a stream along with some gravel. The woman who wore her husband's shoes, for some unknown reason, and came to do the family washing for one dollar a day, had the most interesting story to tell about gold. "Dearie me," the woman said, looking up from the washboard and wiping her red moist face with an old bandana handkerchief, "If my old man could find his gold I reckon I'd never put my hands in a tub of suds again. Wouldn't need to. I'd be a lady and wear silks and satins."

Years ago, when her husband was young, and a fortune was to be made from placer mining along the ravines of El Dorado County, he had accumulated so many pokes of gold dust that he was afraid to hide it any longer in his cabin. So





James, Jane and David Dunlop Jr. are children of David Dunlop of the Seaforth Highlanders. The portrait was taken in Montreal Canada in 1888, shortly before they came to California

*Left to right: JAMES, JANE  
AND DAVID*

Here the children of John Dunlop are caught in a moment of unaccustomed rigidity, due doubtless to their tiresome railway journey to Sacramento, where the photo was taken, and the strange atmosphere of the Studio where Mr. Varney kept hiding his head under a big black cloth while trying to focus the camera upon his helpless victims. (1895)



*Left to right: Arthur, Freda, Ivy, Winnie, Jack and Little Dolly*





one night he poured his golden hoard into a lot of empty tomato cans and buried them under one of the huge trees behind the cabin. He knew he could always locate the place again. He had measured carefully, just 100 feet due east of the cabin which stood above that ugly gash in the earth known as Coon Hollow.

Then the man had gone on to other gold fields but he had no luck. Placer mines were petering out. Still he kept going further afield sure that tomorrow he would strike it rich. At last he decided to call it quits. After all he had a good stake hidden where no one could ever find it. Returning to Coon Hollow, he found that his cabin had burned down and the site obliterated by a new growth of chaparral. No one could find the gold—not even himself!

The Dunlop children were much intrigued by the story. Every week when the woman who wore her husband's shoes came to wash they asked her if her husband had found the gold yet.

“Not yet, not yet,” she would answer, “but he had a new hunch today. And when he does find it I'll be a lady, never fear, and wear silks and satins.”

That Spring an unusual hailstorm visited the area knocking the blossoms off the pear trees and scaring everyone to death. Was this the mild, sunny climate of which California boasted? John measured some of the hailstones. They were actually one and one half inches in diameter.

A new Dunlop House was being built on a California Hill. It was a two story frame building painted white with a red roof. The front door opened on a long hall that ran the length of the house, with all the rooms opening off the hall. John Dunlop had designed the house himself. It was exactly as he wanted it to be. Before winter set in, the house was finished.

John Dunlop stood on his wide verandah, his blue eyes looking out over orchard and meadow and his vineyards smiling in the sun. At last the prophecy of his grandmother had come true. He was Laird, master of his own land in the Land of the Free. John's spirit, cramped by years of hardship and struggle, now expanded in the free air of his new life in a New World.

The new home was lighted by the mellow glow of big Rochester kerosene lamps with elegant porcelain shades. Suspended from the ceiling by brass chains, the lamps could be raised and lowered for lighting. John Dunlop, never having forgotten the horror of his brother's death from an exploding lamp, gave orders that no hand or table lamp should ever be used in the house.

Freda was now old enough to go to bed by herself. So she carried a lighted candle on her nightly pilgrimage through the dark hall, where great-grandmother Coombes stared down from her gilt frame, and followed the child half way upstairs with her cold blue eyes. Menacing shadows crouched and sprang forward on walls and ceiling. The



candle flickered and smoked as the child's reluctant feet climbed up into the darkness beyond.

The good axminster carpet, redolent of moth balls, was released from the sea chest and tacked down on the floor of the drawing room, which now in California must be called a "parlor." Flanked by the red velvet drapes, the Nottingham lace curtains hung primly over the windows. Beatrice, the little cast-iron stove, glowed cheerily through her isinglass doors. Now that Emily was surrounded by her own household treasures, she felt more at home in this strange California. But when she lay down to sleep in the alien night, the sound of the screech owl in the forest and the wild, eerie cry of the coyote stalking his prey, told the young wife that she was indeed far from Home.

Above her dressing table hung the motto worked long ago with the exquisite Chinese silks, "My Times are in Thy Hand." But there were days when Emily asked herself, "Can God be with me in this strange country?"

In the front garden Emily planted a lilac bush and crocus bulbs and a little rose bush so that in the Spring there would be something to remind her of her English garden at Home.

One thing that surprised and delighted the Dunlops was the abundance and reasonable price of food stuffs, especially meat. The very best cuts were not more than twenty cents per pound while stew meat was as low as ten cents per pound. The

itinerant butcher, making his slow rounds with horse drawn wagon, would give you a big soup bone or a whole calf's liver free of charge. One day Emily asked the butcher for some tripe. He said no one in these parts ever used it. She could have all she wanted for nothing. The next time he came, he brought her a whole sheep's stomach in a state of nature. Emily recoiled from the bloody mess, never before having seen tripe before it was washed and ready for the pot. Emily always declared that the quality of California meat could never compare with the stall-fed product in England. And Winnie was doubtless correct when she wrote a composition on California. She stated, in her own delightful spelling, "California is noted for its tuff beaf."

For John Dunlop life had almost reached a state of perfection. One thing more was needed to make his joy complete—a son to inherit the land, to carry on the name of Dunlop. A blessed event was already impending. Emily longed for the comforting presence of her old Doctor Hugo. But the neighbors flouted her fears and said that no doctor was needed. Everyone had old Grandma Richards. So, according to western custom, Grandma Richards came and waited through the long, dark month of January, 1890.

One day, Tuesday, January 28, 1890, the little Dunlop girls were sent to play at a neighbor's house near the Southern Pacific Depot. They could even stay for supper. After dark their father



came for them over the snow with a lantern in his hand. The little girls noticed something different in their father's voice, a new buoyancy in his step. When they got home the children were ushered into mama's room with its white dotted swiss curtains, and the tiny wood stove burning in the corner. Grandma Richards showed them the new baby in the blue bassinett.

"It's a boy!" Their father's voice sounded like the chiming of a bell. "It's a boy—a native son of the Golden West."

At last John could say, "My cup runneth over." In the year 1790, John's father was born. Just 100 years later, 1890, his first son was born. This handsome, blue-eyed boy was named John Wallace and baptized in the little Presbyterian Church at Placerville. He grew strong and hardy and survived all the perils that beset a young child on a farm. Once he was rescued just in time as a big, curious Plymouth Rock rooster was about to peck his eyes out as he lay in his cradle on the verandah. Later on when he was able to toddle about, he explored everything within reach, even the cellar cut into the red earth under the house. There Jack, as he was called, saw a row of what seemed to be little glass drums on a shelf. He proceeded to play them with a tiny forefinger—plunk, plunk, plunk, down the whole row. His finger came out sticky with jam. So Jack really went to work on the last jar and ate it all up, leaving the others for the ants.



Emily had spent the evening before dipping good note paper in brandy and white of egg to seal the jam. Next time she went down the cellar, the ants were busily carrying it away. Where was the young rascal, anyway? He was soon discovered upstairs in the front bedroom with telltale jam on his face; and some sudden whim had caused him to smear the entire contents of a bottle of vaseline into his blond hair.

It was well that John Dunlop now had two ranch houses at his disposal, for the family began to increase. In the Autumn of 1890 James Dunlop with his sister, Jane and brother, David, had come from Montreal to be with their uncle John. Then Emily's young sister, Cicely, came to be the nursery governess and Cicely's fiance, tall handsome William Lambe, came for a visit. Soon Mr. and Mrs. MacAuley, friends from Scotland, arrived for a month's stay. A source of delight to the children were the frequent visits of Grandma and Grandpa Coombes who always brought a hamper of good things from their San Francisco shop—ham, cheese, and best treat of all, baker's bread.

The new Dunlop House was now too small. So Will Lambe and Mr. MacAuley thought it would be a "bit of a lark" to build on another room for a kitchen. Mr. MacAuley was a marine engineer and Will Lambe an expert on canning meat, but their knowledge of carpentry was nil. However, the kitchen did materize and was very strong as the zealous carpenters used ten penny nails to put

the siding on. Later a summer kitchen was added and another bedroom. So the house grew.

Emily's clothes brought from England were quite unsuitable for life on a California ranch. The sight of their young mother carrying a big pan of milk down the cellar stairs, while dressed in her elegant red cashmere tea gown, with the front panel of white silk, and the long train held up over her arm to keep it out of the red dirt, is one her daughters will never forget.

However, the cellar was a necessity. In the hot summer the butter melted into a greasy mess and the milk soured. The only means of refrigeration was to lower the perishables down the well in a five gallon oil can and let them hang suspended there on a rope. The only trouble was that sometimes the can capsized, while being pulled up, and let the contents—sometimes a roast of meat, sometimes a custard pudding, or a pound of butter—fall into the well. The cellar was used to store milk in big pans where the rich cream rose, and where the children could taste it with a sly finger swished around the edge of the pan. Here the churning was done, and an old frog named Mr. Piper often came out to watch the proceedings. Here too John retreated from the heat to read quietly in its cool shelter.

As every one knows, the easiest way to get rid of dishwater is to throw it out the back door. John said that was a dirty Irish trick and he would have none of it. So he installed a nice wooden sink



in the new kitchen and a drain that ran down to the ravine. It was an open drain but John, being an engineer, devised an ingenious contrivance to catch the water from the sink and propel it rapidly on its way. The device was a tiny reservoir made of a five gallon oil can and hung with weights so that, when it was full, it overbalanced the weights and emptied with a rush into the ditch. This contrivance was a source of delight to the children who sometimes, during dishwashing periods, stood outside awaiting the breathless moment when the weights were overbalanced and the water rushed into the ditch. If this moment were delayed too long, there were cries of, "Pour down more water!" The current baby, of course, had to be sternly disciplined to keep him from dabbling in the greasy suds.

John, having studied the Pacific Rural Press, decided that he would not have the disgusting, fly-infested cesspool common to country residences. Instead he installed a scientific dry earth closet in which fine dust was deposited after every use. Bacteria then changed the contents to a harmless residue—on the same principal as the septic tank. There was plenty of fine dust in the road in front of the house churned up every day by the hoofs of passing horses and the turning of wheels in the ruts. So the scientific closet was a success. In fact it came to be a favorite reading room when dishwashing chores were pending.





## CHAPTER XII

As time went on, Dunlop Farm took on the aspect of the Manor, complete with retainers. Yet, to the European mind, some things were unbelievably topsy turvy. For instance, there was Fred Blanchard, son of Judge Blanchard, plowing the orchard, and Felix Foreman, son of a high ranking officer in the British Navy, pruning the vineyard. In Europe, sons of men high in the professions did not do farm work. But John Dunlop soon came to realize that a skilled horticulturist, such as Felix Foreman, was of the greatest importance

in this new world. In fact, without the help and advice of this man, John's venture in farming might have resulted in failure.

An oriental note was injected into the picture when the blue-clad, Chinese coolies, with their long queues, began to clear the chaparral bushes from the land back of the house to make room for planting the Family Orchard. Only old Andre, the Frenchman, really fitted into a feudal scene. He was the general factotum carrying wood and water to supply the kitchen. But even he voiced his wrongs with loud complaints, "It is the women! 'Andre, do this and Andre do that'—all day long!"

To further show his independence, Andre sometimes disappeared from his cabin for weeks, returning at last with his gold pan and miner's pick, and more or less gold dust panned from the streams near Placerville.

Soon a Court Jester put in an appearance. He came one day, cantering down the lane, rising in his stirrups as he rode his old sorrel mare. He had pale blue eyes, a sharp beak of a nose, and spreading, sandy mustaches. Sam Smith had once been head steward at Rose Hall, Leeds, England. Some cruel quirk of fate had cast him adrift on a desolate ranch, far from human habitation.

Delighted now to meet his own countrymen, he became a constant visitor at the Dunlop Farm. Many a day Sam Smith sang for his supper, and for the huge quantities of hay and grain consumed by his old mare. "We'll do ample justice to the



ham," he would cry gaily as he passed his plate for a third helping.

He knew that his Yorkshire accent and his queer mannerisms were a source of ridicule in the community, and that the native Californians dubbed him, "Dude Smith." Though barely able to eke out an existence from his barren ranch, no hint of any trouble or sadness ever passed his lips. At Dunlop Farm he revelled in the hospitality of the only friends he knew. He was always prepared with jokes and witticisms, and pink musk candies for the children. He was indeed a gay court jester. But the Dunlops knew that, like all jesters, he hid a tragic heart beneath his laughter.

Life for the little girls, Freda, Winnie and Ivy was made up of equal parts of fact and fantasy. Fact was the cruel death of Daisy, the white cow who had given them her warm, rich milk. Fantasy was the fairyland they saw one winter morning when they awoke to a transformed world white and sparkling with snow.

In Springtime the girls discovered the Fairy Gardens in the Ravine. There, shaded by manzanita bushes with their pink pearly blossoms, was the tender green grass and the snowdrops and the jack-in-the-pulpits. Here and there, outcroppings of quartz rock looked like Fairy Castles. The children made miniature roads through the gardens hoping the Fairies would use them, as they traveled to and fro in their tiny carriages. Often



when the children came in the morning to the gardens, they fancied they saw prints of tiny feet or even the mark of wheels on the gravel roads they had made. The children never really saw the Fairies, but they knew well enough that Fairy Folk are shy and never like to be seen by mortals.

Fact was jumping out of bed in the cool stillness of a summer morning before the sun rose, and roaming across the vineyard to raid the sweet-water patch—the honey-sweet grapes that ripened first—and feasting off their luscious flavor. Then the girls would stare into the red ball of the sun, as it came up, until their eyes were so dazzled that the whole world was filled with red and blue and green and yellow balls of floating light.

Running home, the children would find their father grinding the morning coffee and would smell the bacon frying in the iron pan on the wood-stove. Tired and hungry, the little girls settled down to a breakfast of oatmeal porridge, toast, bacon and eggs. While they sipped their milk they watched, fascinated at their father's skill, as he decapitated his morning egg with one blow of his knife as it stood in the egg cup. They never knew him to miss.

Fantasy was all the tales told them by mama and papa and especially by Cousin Jennie Dunlop, who knew all the Fairy Lore that should be known. There was the story of Aladdin's cave. Winnie and Freda believed that, if they could dig a similar cave in the ravine, somehow all the

furnishings of the cave, the carpets and treasure chests of jewels, and the wonderful lamp would magically appear. In this belief they were doubtless quite right. They set out one morning with stout hearts and a huge pick and shovel and began operations in the side of the hill. It was summer time and the red clay soil was remarkably unyielding. Nothing daunted, the little girls dug away until their curls were damp with sweat and their plump little faces as red as fire.

For several days they continued thus and had actually dug some two feet into the hill, when their attention was distracted by their father asking them casually if they had ever visited the Three Bears' House on the Knoll. So the girls never did finish digging Aladdin's Cave; but anyone can see the proposed site, even today.

The children had often seen the Three Bears' House among the trees but thought it was just an old miner's cabin. Now the two goldilocks approached it hand in hand, passing through the grove of locust trees near the gnarled, umbrella-shaped apple tree. The door of the house was open and the girls saw a table and chairs inside. They walked in and sat down to wait for the bears to come home from their walk. The children waited so long they became drowsy and must have dropped off to sleep. Suddenly Winnie felt a rough tongue licking her little hand. She jumped up blinking her blue eyes and saw a big, furry beast near her chair. But it wasn't Papa Bear after all,



only the faithful Rover come to play. It seems that the Three Bears never did return from their walk in the deep woods. But ever since, that house has been called the Three Bears' House.

Romance was in the air that summer, and one day Cousin Jennie appeared with a sparkling new ring on her finger, symbol of her engagement to Felix Foreman, the expert horticulturist who still worked on the ranch. The couple were married at the Presbyterian Church in Placerville, July 22, 1891. Now aunt Cicely set her wedding day, and the dressmaker came out from Placerville to make her trousseau. At last Cicely went away on the morning train to marry her handsome William Lambe in San Francisco.

Next day little Ivy was lost. Everyone ran about searching—upstairs and down, in the barn, in the garden, down the road—all in vain. At last Emily gave way to grief and fear. What if the child had been stolen by those thieving bands of Indians roving about the country? Hours later Jim found Ivy, a forlorn little figure, wandering away down the railroad track. He picked her up tenderly and asked her why she had run away. "I was going to find my auntie Cissie," she answered tearfully.

Jack Dunlop was a husky lad of two years when another son came to bless the family circle, Arthur Cecil, born February 16, 1892. He was the most beautiful baby ever to be born in Dunlop House. Little Arthur was endowed with blue eyes, curly fair hair and dimples, and he was so perfectly



formed, like a little cherub, that when he was old enough to run about, the teacher at Diamond Springs school begged Emily to let Arthur impersonate cupid in a school tableau—complete with bow and arrow, also a slight drapery of cheesecloth for decency's sake.

Emily beamed proudly at teacher's offer but thought Arthur's charms should be displayed exclusively in the family circle. Arthur walked when he was so tiny he could trek back and forth under the table while the family was dining. It was Freda's job to feed him and get him to sleep for his afternoon nap. One day she was rocking him and singing lustily, "Ring the Bells of Heaven, there is joy today, For a soul returning from the wild," when papa came in and asked, "How do you expect the poor child to go to sleep with so much noise going on?"

Although Arthur looked as angelic as a choir boy, he did not lack initiative and enterprise. Before he was three years of age, he had set fire to the place three times. Twice it was only a fire set in the dry chaparrel in the ravine adjoining the hill, where the House stood. The third time it was the Nottingham lace curtains in the parlor. While John was running around trying to find a bucket in which to get water to put out the flames creeping rapidly up to the ceiling, Emily calmly appeared with a wash basin and dishtowel and dabbed the flames out, ignoring the fact that her hands were getting burned. Her priceless lace curtains

brought from Home were hopelessly ruined. One more precious link with Home forever gone. That is why Emily cried so after it was all over.

In due course, Freda and Winnie were introduced to the California Public School System via Diamond Springs School. This was a one-roomed edifice just down the hill from Odd Fellows' Hall.

The girls appeared suddenly one morning a little late, and school had already taken up. The barefoot boys in blue jeans and the girls with smooth, dark braids gazed in wonder at this twin phenomenon. In their pink and white French gingham, with golden curls falling over their shoulders, the sisters looked like dolls. Never had the children of Diamond school seen such rosy cheeks and such bright blue eyes! When the "dolls" began to talk in English accents with their board "a's" the aura of mystery surrounding them was complete.

Later, laboring under the misapprehension that she was doing something worth while, the teacher asked Winnie and Freda to pronounce words in the reading lesson "correctly" for the children of the school. Nothing further was needed to make the little foreigners cordially hated. However, time passed and the native children discovered that the foreigners meant no harm. In fact, the little Britishers could run as fast and yell as loud as any of them. They didn't mind getting their pretty dresses torn and their shins black and blue playing Prisoner's Base and Black Man Down. The



little foreigners learned rapidly, especially reading. They read everything—even words scrawled by the native children on the walls of the outhouse. But the meanings eluded them. Strange to say, no one offered to interpret.

Temperance instruction, illustrated by lurid colored charts, was to provide a lasting memory. First a chart of a healthy human stomach, pleasantly pink. Then one slightly inflamed with alcohol; then, horror of horrors, they were shown the revolting picture of a drunkard's ulcerated and decaying innards!

Such teaching made the children look forward to the W.C.T.U. entertainment given one evening at Diamond School, and to which the whole community was invited. Winnie was in a tableau with eleven other girls. They were all dressed in white cheesecloth and each held a glass of pure water in her tiny hand. The title of the tableau was, "The Coming Woman." The children stood motionless until the curtain fell amid loud applause. Then the curtain was raised again and a rosy glow enveloped, "The Coming Woman." Red powder burned in a pan caused this wonderful illusion. It also caused a good deal of smoke. Freda didn't get to be in the tableau but she recited a poem, "The Spider and the Fly," a new version by the W.C.T.U. in which the Spider was Demon Rum.

After all this, the audience was ripe for signing pledge cards immediately handed around. Freda was able to write her name, after a fashion, but



Winnie, being only six, had to print. Mama said, "Why the child is too young to know what she is doing."

But Winnie, proud of her skill, kept right on printing.

"It will do them no harm," beamed the W.C.T. U. lady. So the pledge was taken.

After Cleveland was elected for a second time in 1892, the United States entered upon a period of financial depression. Strikes flared up all over the land and thousands were out of work. This was all blamed upon the Democrats. Hordes of hungry men became tramps, wandering about the countryside, offering to work for a meal and the chance to sleep in the hayloft.

Dunlop Farm had its share of these unfortunates, and John kept a wood pile ready for them. One day five men were fed. Late in the afternoon another appeared, and Emily greeted him with, "Oh, I've fed so many today, I really can't . . . ." She got no further. The man tipped his hat and said, "Pardon me, madam," and went away.

Emily was terribly upset by this. "He may have been the only deserving one who came today," she grieved, "and I turned him away hungry. After this I will feed them all, no matter how many."

Of the men who came, some were clean, a few even carrying suit cases. Most of them were dirty and unshaved, and Emily always scalded the dishes they had eaten from and washed the chairs

they had sat in. John said she was too highly civilized.

In spite of Emily's compassion for hungry men, when a committee came to ask her to give to a fund for starving families of striking railroad men, she would not give a cent. Knowing nothing of their need for striking, she asked, "If they want food, why don't they go back to work?"

At this time there were a couple of big bullies who made a practice of appearing at farmhouses when the men folks were in the fields and the women alone. These burly fellows would scare the housewives out of their wits and demand that they cook a good hot dinner for them. They had thus enjoyed many a fine meal when one day, they chanced to come to the Dunlap ranch near Diamond Springs—about five miles from the Dunlop Farm.

The ruffians began with their usual technique, but Mrs. Dunlap did not scare easily. She gave the men a good tongue lashing. "What do you mean, you big bullies?" she scolded, "You ought to be ashamed of yourselves going about and frightening women." As she was talking she was making some thick cheese sandwiches with her good home made bread. "Take these," she hollered, handing them out, "and be off with you. Now clear out, I say, or you'll be sorry you ever hit Diamond Springs!"

The erstwhile desperados crept away and were never heard of again. Knight Dunlap, a young

son, was listening to his mother. No doubt it was a lesson to him in human relations that he could use later, when he became an eminent psychologist.

The dispute between England and Venezuela over the western boundary of British Guiana caused a good deal of excitement in the Dunlop family. Venezuela had appealed to the United States government against the demands of Britain. Newspaper headlines were screaming out warnings of, "War with Britain." The Dunlops were thinking of packing their trunks for England. John's pension could never be sent into enemy territory. Excitement ran high for a time. Then the British government, turning a deaf ear to her own warmongers, deplored the incident and agreed to arbitrate the dispute.

To Emily it meant that the opportunity of seeing her beloved England again had vanished. She said nothing of her disappointment. But she grew thin and pale—quite unlike the jolly, rosy-cheeked girl who had left England only five years before.

January came again with driving rains and gusty winds beating against the walls of Dunlop House. Grandma Richards came again, too; and, on January 24, 1894, a tiny, girl baby was born. She was named Agnes after John's favorite aunt and Emile after her mother. Freda ran and got her doll and laid it in the bed beside the new baby. "Why she's no bigger than my doll," Freda cried.

So the new baby was called Dolly. Neighbor

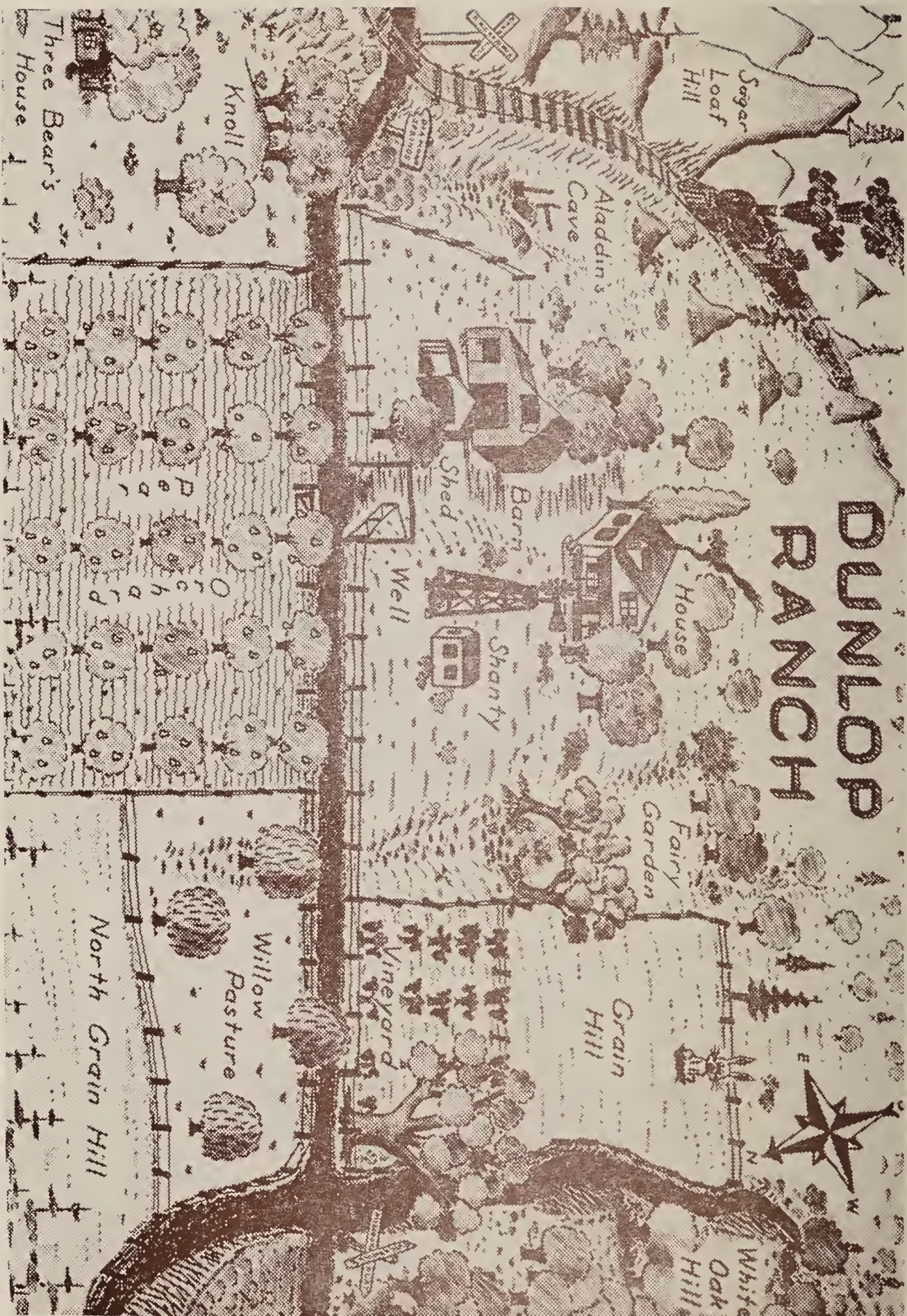




*Standing left to right: WINNIE, IVY, JACK, Front  
row: ARTHUR, DOLLY AND FREDA DUNLOP*

The children have thrown off their country ways and have become boni-fide residents of Alameda, California where this picture was taken.





Original drawing by ARTHUR DUNLOP



women who called went away shaking their heads and whispering, "They'll never raise her."

Grandpa Coombes thought differently. Dolly held so tightly to his finger with her tiny hand that he cried out, "Look, Emily what a grip she has! She'll do, I tell you. She'll do."

Grandpa Coombes was right. Dolly did have a grip on life and a spirit to match—a spirit like that of Samuel Coombes himself that would never say die. Soon Dolly was a plump and rosy-cheeked baby with flaxon hair and blue eyes. She had five older children to love and care for her, and they all thought she was the most beautiful baby in the world.

There was a family celebration on Valentine's Day, 1894. It was John Dunlop's fifty-sixth birthday, and the birthday dinner was in full swing. There was roast chicken with dressing, mashed potatoes, baked hubbard squash, and peach pickles—all products of Dunlop Farm. For desert, there was real English plum pudding with its fragrant steam issuing forth as it was brought to the table. The big Rochester lamp shone brightly down on the white damask tablecloth, the gleaming silver and the elegant dinner service brought from England, which depicted scenes of St. Paul's Cathedral, Houses of Parliament and other notable London buildings and scenes. The wood fire crackled cheerily in the cast iron stove, defying the cold that tried to creep into the room.

"Many happy returns of the day!" chorused



the children. "And many happy returns of the pudding!"

John looked around the table at the faces of his six children and a verse of a Psalm came to mind, "thy children like olive plants round about thy table." Yet John thought with a smile that his lusty, roistering crew could scarcely be called olive plants. Nevertheless, they were his greatest blessing. Daily he thanked God for his children. Every evening John gathered the household around him for Family Prayers. After he had read a portion of Scripture, the family knelt together while he prayed that God's blessing might rest upon them and that their feet might be guided in His ways.

The calendar told John that he was getting old, but he wouldn't have believed it if his reflection in the mirror hadn't shown crow's feet around his blue eyes, a receding hair line and shoulders beginning to stoop. Even so, it seemed to John that the looking glass was showing but a silly disguise of his real self. Age had no claim on him. He was still strong and vigorous, and happier than he had ever been in all his life. He had feared a lonely and childless old age. Now his dear wife and children were all around him. "I renew myself in them," he thought. "As long as my children and my children's children walk the earth, I shall never die."

Visits to Grandma and Grandpa Coombes in San Francisco were looked forward to by every member of the Dunlop family. As soon as Emily

was able to travel, she and John took Ivy and little Dolly with them for a visit to San Francisco to show off the new baby.

Pretty Aunt Laura came up to the Farm to look after the other children. When it was time for her to return home to San Francisco, the trains had stopped running because of the railroad strike. Aunt Laura, terribly bored by this time with country life, was happy to find that Knight Dunlap, young son of the redoubtable Mrs. Dunlap, and his older brother, Elon, were driving down to Sacramento to catch the 7:00 a.m. Freighter running from Sacramento down the River to San Francisco.

Freda was delighted to be included in the party. To her it was Adventure—riding swiftly through the warm stillness of the summer night under the gleaming stars. There was no sound save the clopety, clopety, clop of the flying hoofs. The wagon wheels, turning noiselessly, churned up clouds of dust that hung suspended in the still air. Swamp smells from lush alfalfa fields and pungent odors from the cattle corrals pressed against her senses, as they passed the dairy farms; and the child was glad when they came to the orchard lands sending forth their delicate perfumes of apricot and peach ripening to golden splendor on the laden trees. They passed through sleeping villages wrapped in their blankets of darkness. Ah, what a thing it was to be awake in the enchanted night, when all the world



lay asleep! At length there came a magical light in the east, the crowing of cocks and it was morning as the horses swung into the outskirts of Sacramento.

The Freighter went dawdling all day down the Sacramento River, stopping at every landing to pick up loads of fruit and vegetables for the San Francisco market that would otherwise have rotted in the sun for lack of transport. It was nine o'clock that night before the Freighter had made her way through a dense fog to the San Francisco dock.

Freda and Winnie and Ivy always enjoyed visits to their beloved Grandma Coombes. Sometimes they stayed for months at a time taking turns at their visiting. It was most fun to go down to the shop on Stockton Street for the day. There were so many good things on display. Sugar-cured hams, sides of bacon and great sausages hung behind the marble-topped counters. There were bologna and salami and liverwurst. On the counter were all kinds of cheese from Swiss to Roquefort and Limburger; and to go with them, rye and sour French bread and pumpernickle and sweet butter. Ranged in front of the counter were barrels of sauerkraut, pickled pig's feet, salmon bellies and assorted gerkin pickles, all giving off their spicy odors.

Now something new had been added. Samuel Coombes had invented a secret recipe for tomato sausage by which ripe tomatoes and delectable



spices were introduced into the ordinary pork sausage. The San Francisco public literally ate them up. Signs were put on display in all leading butcher shops in town, "Coombes' Delicious Tomato Sausage." Six men were kept busy all week at the factory in the Mission making sausages to supply the huge demand.

Charlie, Arthur and Laura Coombes worked in the shop and ate their lunch in the little room at the back. Freda thought it was a great lark to be permitted to eat with them. It made her mouth water just to smell the tomato sausages frying and the coffee boiling on the two-burner gas plate. She ate happily quite oblivious to the slight odor of leaking gas in the room. She thought it all part of the wonderful atmosphere.

There were some exciting times in the shop. For several days Aunt Laura had noticed something queer about the ten and twenty dollar gold pieces one of the men customers brought in to have changed. When she rang them on the marble counter they didn't sound just right. So one day she put on her hat and coat and followed the man until he went down some steps into a basement.

The next thing—there was a picture of Aunt Laura in the morning paper with the caption, "Beautiful young woman tracks counterfeiter to lair."

There was another gold incident. One day a well dressed man came to see Samuel Coombes on important business. "My friend, Coombes," the

man said affably, "I want to let you in on a good thing. There is an Indian camped out on the sand dunes near the ocean who has somehow got hold of a brick of pure gold. He wants to sell it; but of course has no idea of its value."

"Pure gold," gasped Samuel Coombes. "What does he want for it?"

"Well, I think I can get him to sell it to you for as little as—say \$300," the man went on, with a crafty smile. "But you must come out with me and see the Indian yourself, Mr. Coombes. See for yourself. Then you will know everything's open and above board."

Samuel Coombes, being an astute business man, thought the matter worth looking into. Sure enough, there was the Indian, attired in blanket and feathered head-dress, sitting in his tepee on the sand dunes. The Indian Brave spoke no English, but was able by sign language to make known his willingness to sell the brick. Sam Coombes still hesitated. Then came the final proof of good faith. The white man bored a hole in one end of the brick and gave Sam the filings to be assayed. They were found to be pure gold. So Samuel paid the poor, benighted Indian \$300 and took possession of the brick. Later, when Sam became dissatisfied with his purchase, he could find no trace of the affable white man nor of the Indian, who had evidently folded up his tepee and gone to practice his Indian sign language in other fields.

Meanwhile the Dunlop children were growing



up into wild Californians. Emily viewed her offspring with growing bewilderment. They were a far cry from all the prim, well behaved English children she had known; and she often told them that she didn't know what could be done with them if they ever went back to England. Perhaps it was the fierce blood of their Scottish ancestors coming to the surface. At any rate the children were completely happy. During the long summer days they never came into the house except for mealtimes and bed time. They lay at ease in the cool shade under the oak trees or roamed, free and gay as young animals, through the vineyard picking luscious purple grapes, or eating apples and pears and raiding the tomato patch. Yet at supper they were fiercely hungry, ready for the good roast beef with potatoes and green vegetables — garden fresh — and long draughts of creamy milk, never forgetting of course to leave space for mama's layer cake with lemon honey filling.

The unrelenting heat of the California summer in El Dorado County was exhausting to Emily, who had been born in the cool airs of England. Now she was drooping like an English rose torn from its roots and planted in desert soil. So John decided that they should all leave the ranch for awhile and go to live in the San Francisco Bay area, where the climate was much like that of Southern England.

The Dunlop Farm was left in the capable hands

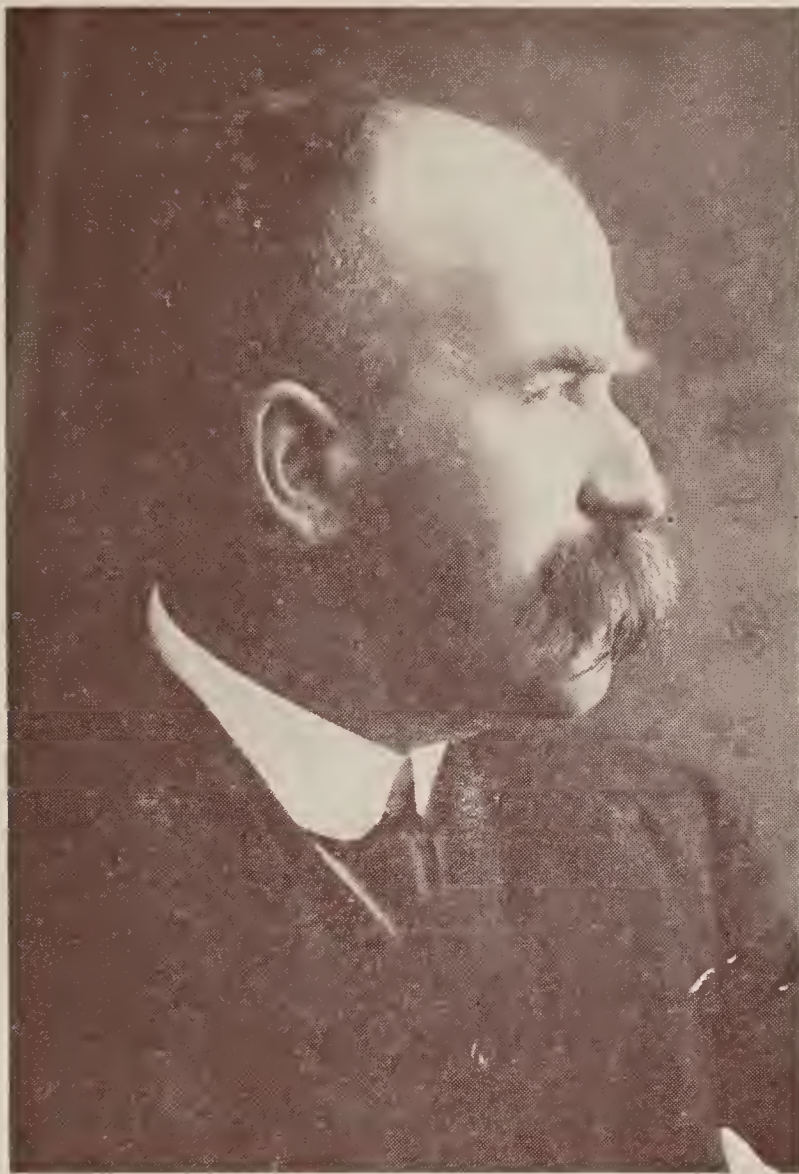


of Felix and Jennie Foreman. The Dunlops took up their abode in Alameda, a residential city where wealthy San Francisco business men had their palatial homes on wide, tree shaded streets. In fact, Alameda was called "the bedroom of San Francisco."

The Dunlops rented a modest home in the center of town, geographically speaking, on Paru Street just off Santa Clara Avenue. A feature of the place was the two great magnolia trees on the front lawn. To smell the exquisite but cloying sweetness of their huge, snowy blossoms was a never-to-be forgotten experience. The new Dunlop Home was near to Encinal School and only a few blocks from a little Presbyterian Church. The children no longer walked to school over a rough dirt road, but tripped along over a sidewalk. Prompted by some long-forgotten tabu, they instinctively avoided stepping on the cracks. The girls soon learned to dress and do their hair like the Alameda girls, parting it in the middle and rolling back the sides to catch them into two long braids at the back.

Among new acquaintances was Joseph Walter, Head Designer at Shreve's Jewelry Store in San Francisco, who lived in a fine house nearby. He and his charming wife and children became fast friends of the Dunlops.

Gradually the Dunlops conformed to the ways of city life. It was hard to get used to flaring gas lights instead of lamps and candles; and the girls



WILLIAM DUNLOP

William Dunlop, son of James and Euphemia, began his career as a bank clerk in Glasgow. Later he went to Johannesburg, South Africa. A series of promotions made him Bank Manager, and he lived in the swanky Parktown district of Johannesburg. He was a devoted Christian man, giving generously to the Church and Missions in particular. The name of his good wife was Sarah. His two sons died in infancy.





never failed to warn the last one in bed, "Don't blow out the gas!" Jack and Arthur learned not to shoot the sparrows out of the trees in their back yard, because the neighbors objected loudly to the B B shots coming over their way. So the Dunlop boys amused themselves by honeycombing the back yard with tunnels, and enjoyed the fun of crawling through them.

John Dunlop spent long, happy hours at the Carnegie Library reading to his heart's content. He was able to review again his old favorites, Plutarch's Lives, Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire and Kant's Critique of Pure Reason. Besides this, he kept a weather eye out for new books and magazines that would keep him abreast of the times, tearing through them at incredible speed and reproducing the contents at will from his keen memory.

John became an Elder in the little Presbyterian Church; and Emily joined the Ladies' Aid, occasionally attending tea parties at homes of members. She was not a little startled by the amount of biological data floating about in the afternoon conversations, her Insular upbringing having left her unprepared for such clinical revelations of operations and confinements. In England, such topics were mentioned only in the consulting room of one's family physician.

One Sunday Freda, Winnie and Ivy were coming home from Sunday School when they saw a fire truck rushing down Santa Clara Avenue. The

horses were galloping full speed and the driver was letting them have their head. "Oh," said one of the sisters, "a fire! let's hope it's a house. We haven't seen anything but those silly grass fires lately."

The girls ran after the fire engine and there, right in the middle of Paru Street, stood Grandpa Coombes dramatically waving his arms and directing the firemen where to go. It was a house on fire—the Dunlop House. However, it was only the roof burning. No smoke at all was coming out of the windows as it always did in pictures of houses afire.

Entering the house, the girls expected to see their father sitting in his chair reading. Mama had always said, "Upon my word, John, I believe you would read if the roof was on fire over your head."

You see, papa was always calm—"calm on tumult's wheel," mama said sometimes. And she glared at papa when she said it. He was so calm it made her angry. Now mama was calm. "Change your Sunday dresses, girls," she said, "and put on your old things."

While the girls were changing in the privacy of their room—of all things—a fireman burst in the door and put a ladder up in the clothes closet and began chopping with his axe. He made a big hole and crawled up on the burning roof. Ivy began to cry—and no wonder. The fireman didn't look where he was going and he stepped on a box of her doll dishes and broke them all to pieces.

Well, all the time mama was calmly making a salad for lunch, and papa, not at all calm, was trying to help the fireman by using the garden hose. Turning the water on full force, papa strode forward in great excitement; but he succeeded only in drenching the kind neighbor who came to the fence to offer condolences. At last the brave firemen had chopped the fire away and everyone sat down to lunch, while Grandpa Coombes kept rehearsing his part of the scene and saying that, if it hadn't been for him, the firemen wouldn't have known where to go.

The year 1899 was drawing to a close. The United States was expanding into a great nation with International Interests—Cuba, Hawaii and the Philippines.

The Dunlop family was growing up. The children had learned to salute the Flag and were willing to sing, "My Country 'Tis of Thee" instead of making a point of warbling lustily, "God Save the Queen" in the midst of community singing, as they had formerly done.

John Dunlop felt almost entirely cut off from his kin folk in Scotland. His elder brother, James, was the only one still alive. Infrequent letters from him spoke mostly of his son, William, of whom he was justly proud, and his daughter, Christina. They and a younger brother, Duncan, were all who had survived of James' family of seven children.

William had begun his career as a bank clerk



in Glasgow at sixteen years of age. Later he was transferred to the bank of Johannesburg, South Africa where, after some years, he became manager of the Bank. Christina, tall and blue-eyed like her father, was a school teacher in Glasgow.

John Dunlop spent little time thinking of the past. His life was full of happiness and of gratitude for the good fortunes of himself and family in this Western Land.

It was Sunday night, New Year's Eve, and the family gathered around the piano singing hymns, with Emily playing accompaniments. When the hour grew late, Emily and the girls made hot chocolate and set the table for a midnight feast of rock cakes and strawberry jam tarts.

John Dunlop sat musing by the fire: The Nineteenth Century with its long years of strife and pain, was dying tonight. A new day was dawning. In the light of that dawn his children would walk—and his children's children—going forward in paths of service, holding positions of responsibility and trust. He saw them, under the guidance of God, helping to build a New World in which the bells of Freedom would ring for all mankind.

John was startled out of his reverie by the touch of a tiny hand on his arm and the sound of little Dolly's voice calling out, "Listen to the bells, papa! Happy New Year—and a Happy New Century!"

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## MEMORIES

By FRED A DUNLOP WHITE

(Written in 1912 and dedicated to my father on the occasion of his seventy-fourth birthday.)

The apple boughs are swaying in the breeze,  
The scent of blossoms fills the balmy air,  
And in a flood of childhood memories  
I lose all thought of grief or pain or care.

Again my laughing sisters beckon me.  
I hear my brothers calling, "Come and play!"  
We roam the flower decked meadows, gay and free.  
No shadow clouds the sunshine of our day.



A friend and comrade was our father then  
With youthful heart that keeps him youthful still.  
What games we played together in the glen!  
And walks enjoyed together on the hill. (Sugar  
Loaf)

And in the evening sitting on his knees  
Such wond'rous stories from his lips we heard:  
Rare tales of foreign lands and distant seas.  
Round-eyed we sat and hung on every word.  
From Holy Scriptures on the Sabbath days  
Story and teaching fell upon our ear,  
And youthful voices sang sweet hymns of praise.  
How well remembered are those days, how dear!  
O may thy mantle, father, fall on me,  
That is this weary world of stress and strife,  
My children may have golden memories  
As inspiration to a nobler life.

## SCOTS ANCESTRY RESEARCH COUNCIL REPORT

The earliest reference I can find to your family is in the old Parochial Register of Neilston in the County of Refrew, where James (I) Dunlop, Milner, i.e. miller, at Doucat Miln (Dovecot Mill) had the following children,

Robert, born 18th March 1739.

William, born 15th March 1741.

Henry, born 10th May 1747.

There is unfortunately a blank in the Register just before this, which would account for the fact that his eldest son, James (II) is not recorded, but there is an entry of his marriage as follows:—

James Dunlop (II) lawful son to James Dunlop in this Parish and Helen Witherspoon in the Abbey, Parish of Paisley, married August 26, 1761.

They had a son, James (III) born 25th June and baptised 27th June 1762.

This James (III) married Barbara Patterson and had a son, James (IV) born 27th March and baptised 17th April 1790. James (IV) married Mary Wilson of the same parish (Neilston) on the 9th October 1829. The name of the minister was the Rev. Alexander Fleming. They had issue

1. James Dunlop and Mary Wilson, spouses, Gateside, (Foreman, and of the Established Church) had their first child being a son, born 23rd October, baptised 7th November, named James.

2. James Dunlop and Mary Wilson, spouses, Gateside, (Manager and of the Established Church) had their second child and son, born 25th August, baptised 9th September, named William, 1832.

3. James Dunlop and Mary Wilson had their third child and son, born 13th September, baptised 28th September—named Adam, 1834.

4. James Dunlop, and Mary Wilson, Gateside, and of the Established Church, had their fourth child and son, born February 14th,

baptised 4th March, named *John Patterson*, 1838.

5. James Dunlop and Mary Wilson had their fifth child and son, born 21st November, baptised 13th December, named Charles, 1840.

6. James Dunlop and Mary Wilson had their sixth child and son, born 28th October, baptised 19th November, named David, 1843.



## **SPONSORS of "The House of Dunlop"**

(chronologically arranged)

(ONLY the *first* great-grand child of John Dunlop in each family is named)

**JAMES DUNLOP 1830-1906 and EUPHEMIA**

I. Duncan F. Dunlop

**JOHN P. DUNLOP — 1838-1924 and EMILY  
COOMBES — 1860-1908**

I. M. Freda Dunlop — Guy A. White

A—Dorothy F. White — Fred G. Berger

a. Joanna B. Berger

B—Guy J. White — Thelma A. Marshall

a. Guy Richard White

C—Anna W. White — Gareth F. Garlund

a. Saralee Garlund

D—Robert D. White — Margaret Miller

a. Freda Ellen White

II. L. Winifred Dunlop — Charles E. Fogg

A—Arthur L. Fogg—Virginia Beth Falkenberg

a. Mary Beth Fogg

B—Ruth E. Fogg — Lewis B. Perry, Jr.

C—Charles H. Fogg — Hazel Fay Lewis

a. Laura E. Fogg



- D—Frederick G. Fogg
- III. Elizabeth Ivy Dunlop — Fred S. Newsom  
 A—David D. Newsom — Jean Craig  
 a. John Frederick Newsom
- IV. John W. Dunlop — Antonia Forni  
 A—John T. Dunlop — Dorothy Webb  
 a. John Barrett Dunlop  
 B—William W. Dunlop — Sarah N. Ross  
 a. David W. Dunlop  
 C—Harry J. Dunlop — Evelyn Shinn  
 a. Philip J. Dunlop  
 D—Paul A. Dunlop — Thelma Shinn  
 E—A. Winifred Dunlop  
 F—Jeanie E. Dunlop — Ovid C. Porter  
 a. Linda J. Porter  
 G—Dorothy Anne Dunlop
- V. Arthur C. Dunlop — Helen Kern  
 A—Arthur K. Dunlop — Norma Staackman  
 B—Martha D. Dunlop — John C. Peterson  
 a. Mary E. Peterson  
 C—Helen E. Dunlop
- VI. Agnes E. Dunlop — Richard Walter  
 A—Richard D. Walter — Ruth Perkins  
 B—Daniel R. Walter — Charleen Franklin  
 a. Ivy A. Walter
- DAVID DUNLOP — 1843-1874 and LUCY DALE
- I. Jane C. Dunlop — Felix Foreman  
 A—Felix Foreman, Jr. — Catherine Van Heusen  
 a. Barbara Mae Foreman  
 B—David Foreman — Mae O. Holmdrup

C—Edgar O. Foreman — Lena Fern Thatcher  
a. Harold Foreman

II. James Dunlop

SAMUEL WESLEY COOMBES — 1833-1907 and  
ELIZABETH WATSON — 1837-1901

I. Laura Coombes — Jason Thomas

A—Gladys Thomas — Boyd

B—Albert Thomas — Betty

II. Cicely Coombes — William Lambe

A—Elsie Lambe —

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